

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AT WINDSOR: THE SERENADE IN THE COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I once read a delightful story of a man who was popular in Society, and kept a very intimate diary, in which his contemporaries were set down in their habits (rather queer habits, some of them) as they lived. The fancy took him that he would make an unconventional expedition to the South Pole (he chose the South Pole because the North Pole had become a common rendezvous for tourists); and as this adventure was attended by some personal risk, he instructed his wife that, if she were left a widow, she was to publish the diary. "It will make a lively commotion," he said; "but that won't matter to me, as I shall be dead. Besides, the bigger the row about it the more money for you!" Well, he went off to the South Pole, and nothing was seen or heard of him for years. At last his wife became desperate; money ran short, and there was nothing to stave off starvation but the diary. So she published it, and the row was prodigious. The newspapers gave copious extracts; the publishers chuckled over several editions; and plenty of people wrote to the widow to say that if her late husband were a live man, they would all prosecute him for libel.

This did not trouble her much, for she was now established in comfort, and even luxury. What did trouble her was the sudden reappearance of the diarist. He landed at Southampton one morning, bought a paper, and found himself infamous. "Why did you do it?" he asked his wife in a secret and agitated colloquy in the cloak-room of a railway station. "I thought you were dead," she sobbed, "and I was starving!" "No use trying to live it down," he said gloomily; "they would tear me limb from limb." So he went back to the South Pole (there were stronger reasons than ever for avoiding the North Pole, where he might have encountered some of his victims), and there, I suppose, he is still waiting uncomfortably till the last of the possible plaintiffs in a libel suit is defunct. I am reminded of this story by Mark Twain's scheme of a truthful history of his contemporaries which shall be published a hundred years after his death. This arrangement safeguards himself from contumely. Nobody who reads this history a hundred years after the author is buried is likely to exclaim: "Confound this fellow—he has libelled my great-grandfather!" Ancestor-worship in this country is not carried to the pitch which makes it a code of morals in China. The real danger is that Mark Twain's portraits, like old wine, may be kept too long, and may not be very piquant to the gossips of the twenty-first century.

How many of the people who are Mark Twain's unconscious models now will inspire any sort of interest a hundred years hence? You can see how impatient our own generation is of ancient history. Don't you think the average reader in the year 2010 will show an even keener relish for the life that is palpitating around him, and a more marked indifference to everything that has receded into the remote past? In his new romance, "When the Sleeper Wakes," Mr. H. G. Wells has the appalling fantasy that in two centuries books will be extinct, and even newspapers will be superseded by trumpeting phonographs. This deplorable prediction, I trust, will not have been fulfilled when the publication of Mark Twain's memoirs is due. But who can feel sure that they will find a publisher? Suppose there is no market then for the private lives of persons who have been dead for generations? Suppose the reading capacity of the public is limited to telegrams, Stock Exchange quotations, and penny novels in large type and short chapters? Can you expect the publishers under such conditions to bid eagerly for Mark Twain's psychological studies (warranted quite candid) of our present era? If such should be the unhappy development of public taste a century onwards, this great work may be in sore peril not only of neglect but even of extinction. Its owner may be so careless as to let the housemaid light the fire with it. In all earnestness I would urge the author to avert this catastrophe by bequeathing the manuscript to the trustees of the British Museum, who will keep it under seal till the time comes for submitting it to rare and disinterested students of bygone manners.

I did sore injustice last week to the two French paladins who have fought a duel about Shakspeare. I said it was the kind of quarrel that led in France to an "occasional scratch." M. Catulle Mendès, it seems, was rather badly prodded by the other gentleman's sword. Moreover, it was not the merit of Shakspeare that was in question. Our superlative bard is held in high esteem by both combatants. They differed only as to Hamlet's girth. M. Mendès, a stickler for the text, maintained that the Prince must be "fat and scant of breath," as his mother says. M. Vanor scoffed at the idea of a fat Hamlet, and made his point good upon the stoutest part of his opponent's person. For the rest of his life M. Mendès will bear an honourable scar, and when he joins Shakspeare (may the date be remote!) in the Elysian Fields, he will gratify that illustrious shade by describing how he fought and fell for Hamlet's textual tissue. Personally, I incline to the opinion that Hamlet was not fat and scant of breath, but lean and long-winded. How otherwise could he have spouted those soliloquies? Moreover, Ophelia calls him

"the glass of fashion and the mould of form," which is not consistent with corpulence. Perhaps Shakspeare wished to distinguish between the standpoints from which a man is seen by two women—a querulous mother and an adoring sweetheart. Mothers, you know, can say disagreeable things of their sons. The mother of a very eminent peer, listening to one of his speeches in the House of Lords, remarked, "I wish my poor boy would sit down. He doesn't know what he is talking about!"

I have a suspicion, however, that with all his genius there was spice of malicious mischief in this Shakspeare. When the two gentlemen in "Midsummer Night's Dream" are so beguiled by the impish Puck that they proceed each to make love to the wrong woman, Shakspeare is poking fun at his future editors, actors, and dramatic critics. He said to himself: "To ensure my immortality I must before all things set posterity by the ears." So when M. Mendès tells his story in the Elysian Fields, the shade whom he will affably address as "Mon cher maître" will answer with a bland smile, "I am charmed to hear of this; but don't you know that it is precisely what I intended? Hamlet is fat. Hamlet is also the mould of form. You and the other gentleman—I forget his name, but hope to make his acquaintance later on—came to swords about this contradiction. I foresaw that—along with evolution, the British Empire, and the motor-car! Still, I have my disappointments. None of my editors has noticed that when Hamlet says, 'It is the breathing time of day with me,' he means that he does not breathe at any other time. I looked for great sport when I wrote that line. Don't you think that two of your countrymen will have the taste and spirit to fight a duel about it?"

The *Spectator* makes the excellent suggestion that Mrs. Rogers, the heroic stewardess of the *Stella*, should be commemorated by a tablet in St. Paul's—a metal tablet, to withstand the wear of time, with an inscription such as Miss Frances Power Cobbe has written, that will tell this brave woman's story to future ages. Books and files of old newspapers may perish off the earth, but this tablet would stir the pulse of that distant citizen who will think as little about our vanished pomp as we think of the Roman Empire. Tablets are better mementoes than statues. You turn away from those military heroes in St. Paul's who are elegantly posed in the arms of Victory, and smiling at the laurel wreaths of Fame as if they were operatic stars receiving those impossible blooms which are handed up by the leader of the orchestra. The humble stewardess would be as uncomfortable in marble as the sooty statesmen in the Embankment Gardens, who seem to be always making mild and ineffectual protests against the climate. Dethrone them all and put up tablets in their stead. Shakspeare had an eye to this, as to most things. What says Hamlet in one of his breathless moments? "My tablets—meet it is I set it down." If the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's want a supreme authority for the *Spectator's* proposal, here they have it. It is meet, indeed, that they should set down in such a simple, vivid memorial the splendid scroll of a great deed. Hamlet set down something quite different; but if he were at work upon his tablets now, he would write that woman may smile and smile, and be a heroine.

But what sort of monument will the children erect to the man who wishes to abolish jam? He lives at Bristol (I cannot bring myself to write his forbidding name), and prides himself that he takes air, gymnastic exercise, all manner of baths, without stirring out of one room. He claims to be an authority upon health, forsooth! and one of his fundamental rules is that sweets, confectionery, jam, ought never to touch the lips of a child. By this time he must be the bogey-man of nurseries. Fractious infants are hushed into the slumber of stupefaction by the threat to send for him. Here is the scene. Master Tommy: "I won't go to sleep!" Nurse: "You had boy, go to sleep at once!" Master Tommy: "Shan't!" (Exit Nurse. Clatter of crockery heard in the distance. Re-enter Nurse.) Master Tommy: "How can I sleep in that noise?" Nurse: "Do you know what it was? It was the Bristol bogey-man smashing the jam-pots!" Master Tommy: "Oh, send him away—Oh, I will be good!" (Sleeps soundly in an instant, with angelic smile!)

I write about jam with real feeling, and, if my editor would let me, I would fill the whole paper with this inspiring theme. The other day some kind friends in the country (may every blessing light upon them!) favoured me with a heavy parcel. I cut the string and beheld—JAM! There was also a little note, which ran thus: "Please return the pots, or no more will be sent." I cherish those pots: they are sacred vessels. When the time comes, I shall pack them with reverential care, and hire a special carrier to take them back to Hampshire. I have borrowed umbrellas and kept them, I have borrowed books and forgotten to return them; but round the jam-pot I twine the tendril of a scrupulous conscience. That pot shall go home again, to be refilled with ambrosia. The man at Bristol will not understand this—he will scoff at it. Let him! On my tablet, when it is set up by the subscriptions of grateful urchins, will be inscribed, "He hated injustice, and loved jam!"

## A LOOK ROUND.

The Queen's memorable birthday week fitly closed in town with a most brilliant Saturday night at Covent Garden, where the Royal Opera flourishes exceedingly. Not only the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, but the Princesses of Wales and Princess Victoria were among the illustrious personages drawn by the attractions of Wagner's melodious "Meistersinger," conducted by Dr. Muck, and interpreted by M. Jean de Reszke, Frau Schumann-Heink, Frau Gadske, Herr Scheidemantel, Herr Schram, and Mr. Bispham. Madame Melba (whose incomparable voice is dulcet as ever this season) was also among the celebrities present at this excellent performance.

Does Sir Arthur Sullivan intend to leave Music for harness-making? It is to be hoped not. But the question naturally arose on Tuesday to all who inspected the new Industrial Exhibition of the Article Club at the Crystal Palace in the wake of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, whom Lord Suffield, the President, persuaded to open the instructive show. Sir Arthur's patent harness to facilitate the release of a runaway horse from a carriage is serviceable. But no one will deny that an hour or two spent on board "H.M.S. Pinafore" (the revival of which will be welcome at the Savoy) will be more enjoyable than the closest scrutiny of Sir Arthur Sullivan's ingenious device at the Palace.

Mr. Chamberlain frowned on "Savage South Africa," and persuaded the Duke of Cambridge to make a personal explanation when the latter went to open the "Greater Britain" Exhibition at Earl's Court; but the position of the natives has now been popularised by a royal visit from the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The subjects of her Majesty have, at all events, seen the Great White Queen's soldier son.

## LA CHOSE-REVISÉE.

They thought it was a Dossier  
That steeped him to the eyes,  
They looked at length and found it was  
A sorry String of Lies;  
Some things are "better done" in France,  
But some—well, otherwise.

The latest social novelty is declared to be the Book Tea. This is no mere diet of bookworms. Nor is the food eaten off book-plates. But the game is played by wearing some device which must suggest the title of a book—in fact, it is a sort of *matinée* fancy-dress ball, with the added advantage that it is cheap and convenient. It is a little worrying, no doubt, but then "The Three Feathers" can always be worn in a (feminine) hat, while "The Green Carnation" (if an abomination) would fit any sex of buttonhole.

The victory of Herminius at Manchester was as welcome to the followers of racing as the defeat of Holocauste at Paris was disappointing. "There must have been something radically wrong," was the general verdict when it was known that M. Brémont's colt had succumbed to both Perth and Velasquez. As a two-year-old, Holocauste had beaten Perth, and it was thought that it was just possible the latter had made sufficient improvement to enable him to turn the tables; but with Velasquez the case was different. Still, "the unexpected generally happens." It happened in this instance, for the jockey rode so cleverly that when he wanted to come away and win he could not get through his horses, and lost.

The Duke of Westminster won yet another Derby on Wednesday. With Morny Cannon up, Flying Fox, the Two Thousand victor, proved his pre-eminence. Damocles was second, and Innocence third. Son of Orme, Flying Fox had illustrious grandsires, being grandson of Ormonde, and great-grandson of Bend Or. The success of Kingsclere's splendid champion was hailed with enthusiasm.

At the commencement of the present week we needed not the swallows to tell us that at last Spring had come. The air was warm and bright, and even within the limits of town laden with the scent of may. A pleasant change for the cricketer, more especially the batsman, the effect upon whom was in many cases most pronounced. Abel, on Monday and Tuesday at Kennington Oval, appeared to enter upon a new life, and one full of vigour. He made 357 runs (not out), which constitutes the second best individual score obtained in a first-class match, the highest being 424 by Mr. A. C. MacLaren, singularly enough also against Somerset's bowlers. It was a splendid innings in every respect. Hayward, too, was in fine form, much to the delight of those who had selected him for the first of the test matches against the Australians. His contribution amounted to 158. And with the Somerset men tired of their long stay in the field, Mr. V. F. S. Crawford found his path strewn with runs—129 in a little more than two hours. In all, Surrey made against the Western County 811, which is the third best score in first-class cricket, and the second highest in inter-county cricket. At Lord's also there was tall scoring under a cloudless sky, for Albert Trotter made 164, Mr. P. F. Warner 150, and the Middlesex total against Yorkshire bowlers, including Rhodes, who secured seven wickets, was 488.



# "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AND "SKETCH," LIMITED.

## FIRST ORDINARY GENERAL (STATUTORY) MEETING.

The first ordinary general (statutory) meeting of *The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited*, was held on May 30 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., under the presidency of Sir William Ingram, Chairman of the Company.

The Secretary (Mr. L. C. B. Goodacre) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman, who was received with applause, said: "Gentlemen, I think perhaps I should be doing well if I tell you something about the way in which this company was formed and carried through. I daresay you are aware that a very large number of applications were made for shares in this company. We had, in fact, applications from all parts of the world. I will give you the figures of the applications for the different classes of stock offered to the public. To begin with, we had 545 applications for debenture stock, some of these applications being for very large amounts. For the preference shares we had 3486 applications, and for ordinary shares we had 7420. The directors thought it not only fair, but also advisable, that the allotments should be distributed as far as possible; therefore, although we had as many as 11,451 applications, we were able to allot 10,645 applicants. You can well understand what a very large number of partners we have now got in this concern, and my hope is that they will look upon themselves as partners—not as sleeping partners, but as working partners in this great concern. (Hear, hear.) If you will all take an interest in the concern in which you have invested your money, I believe we shall continue to prosper in the future as we have done in the past. The history of *The Illustrated London News* is a very remarkable one. It was the first illustrated paper ever published in the world, and it has shown from the very beginning extraordinary vigour and vitality, and I am glad to be able to tell you that in this last year of this century it still shows the same vigour and vitality it did in the year 1842, when it was first started. (Applause.)

"In the case of the *Sketch* we have had a remarkable success, and what has been still more wonderful is that it has in no way affected the older established paper from which it took its root—namely, *The Illustrated London News*. I am glad to tell you that since this company started, the *Sketch* has made very satisfactory progress. The circulation has considerably increased. This, to my mind, shows pretty well that in this newer paper, the *Sketch*, we have not quite got to the end of its success, great as it is now, but we have every reason to hope that in future its success will not only be continued, but still improve. Then again, we have the well-known little paper, the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, which has been established thirty years. My own opinion is that the roots of the paper are so deeply imbedded in the popularity of the public that it will take a very strong storm of adversity to shake the tree to any serious extent. We have, as you know, in the last few weeks been going through circumstances which might have raised some doubts and fears with regard to the *Penny Illustrated Paper*. I refer to the new Sunday weekly illustrated papers started by such powerful firms as the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Harnsworth* people. So far from affecting the prosperity of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, the little journal has not suffered in the least, notwithstanding the enormous numbers that have been sold of these two periodicals. This, I think, will prove to you, as it has been proved to me over and over again, that these papers which have been once firmly established are most difficult to be affected by any new projects. For this reason I think you have every ground of satisfaction with the investment you have made."

Sir William Ingram added: "As your Chairman and your Manager, I think my duty to you and to the properties of which I have the control is not to pay so much attention to the market fluctuations, but to do my best to keep these properties in the same state of steady progress as has characterised them in the past. For the life of me I cannot understand why the shares of a fine established property like *The Illustrated London News* and the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, with the additional and newer paper the *Sketch*, should stand at a lower figure than those of small and newer publications. . . . My opinion is that the day will come when you will see that the opinion of the investor will have considerably changed, and we shall see the shares of *The Illustrated London News Company*—it is only my opinion I am giving you—at a higher rate than the shares of these other companies." The Chairman then congratulated the shareholders on the fact that they had got a settlement with the Stock Exchange at the earliest possible date (June 7).

Mr. Pearson: "I should like to congratulate you, Sir, and your colleagues, on the very honest manner in which you allotted those shares. (Hear, hear.) I have been a member of the Stock Exchange for thirty-five years, and have occasionally applied for shares for an investment, and not for speculation. What has the result been? If the company was any good, none of the British public got anything at all, and many of you know that to be a fact. (Hear, hear.) If it was not a good company, they got all they asked for—(laughter)—and more than they wanted. (Hear, hear.) Therefore, I have to congratulate you, and not only to congratulate you, but also to thank you, as one who has applied for shares, for the very fair manner in which you made the allotment. It stands out as a monument among the companies that have been brought out for many years past."

The Chairman, having replied to some queries addressed to him, remarked that as they had so many shareholders it would be advisable to pay a half-yearly dividend in preference to a yearly, but he would give the matter his consideration. A vote of thanks to Sir William Ingram and his colleagues was carried by acclamation.

## EXHIBITION OF INTERNATIONAL ART.

No excuse is needed for referring again to the contents of the Knightsbridge Exhibition. The tendency of modern art is to revolt from formulas as much as from schools; and the artist's rule, here and abroad, is "Go as you please." For this reason it is difficult, except in the vaguest way, to group the pictures exhibited, and still more difficult would it be to assign masters to the majority of those who claim our attention.

M. Sisley's "Forest of Fontainebleau," and in a lesser degree his "Plaine de Champagne," show two distinct phases of his art, but neither gives any idea of its more recent development. M. Fritz Thaulow's "Village by Night," makes rather too strong a demand upon our imagination, for if the moonlight were so bright as to show the details of the farm with such clearness, the sky could not appear so intensely blue. There is more truth in Mr. Arthur Studd's landscape, "Beside a River in Brittany," in which the evening glow is rendered with delicate appreciation. Here, as at the New Gallery, Mr. Austin Brown attracts attention by his strongly marked effects of a bright ray piercing the surrounding gloom, but the composition of "At the Farm Ferry" is more pictorially interesting than "In a Calf-Shed." Such work is undoubtedly clever, but it is not altogether free from the charge of trickiness. Mr. Moffat Lindner's "Evening on the Stour," Mr. J. Charles's "A Refreshing Drink," and Mr. James Mavis's "Dutch Harbour" also deserve especial notice.

The subject-pictures are occasionally puzzling and even bewildering, but Mr. E. M. Oppler's "Music," a drawing-room interior dimly lighted, is admirably drawn. Herr Stuck's "Meerwein" will afford an agreeable pastime to those who are adepts in the solution of riddles; and few will hold that Mr. Gerald Moira has not succeeded in his "Peelas and Melisande" in making a picture as depressing as M. Maeterlinck's play. On the other hand, Mr. Francis Howard has given us a "Paolo and Francesca" adapted to modern ways and fashions.

The sculpture, which is scattered in a casual way through the rooms, is not especially attractive, the more important works being M. Rodin's "Head of Bellona," and a bronze group of nymphs, Mr. Herbert Hampton's family group "The Kittens," and Mr. Julien Dillen's "Gloire au Vainqueur." More interesting is the prominence given to metal work and jewellery, and to the medallions of M. Dubois and others. The rest of the exhibition is made up of engravings, etchings, and lithographs, and drawings in chalk and water-colours, and among those who contribute, Mr. Whistler stands in the front rank with a collection of his daintiest etchings and other works. The chalk drawings of the late Alfred Stevens, the pencil drawings of Herr Adolf Menzel, the pen-and-ink and gouache sketches of Daniel Vierge, the aquatints of Mr. Joseph Pennell, Herr Max Klinger, and the etchings and water-colours of William Strang give variety and distinction to an exhibition which is conceived and carried out upon broader lines than those to which we are accustomed.

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BREAKFAST AND DINING CARS BETWEEN DUBLIN AND BELFAST.

HOTELS UNDER THE COMPANY'S MANAGEMENT AT WARRENPOINT,



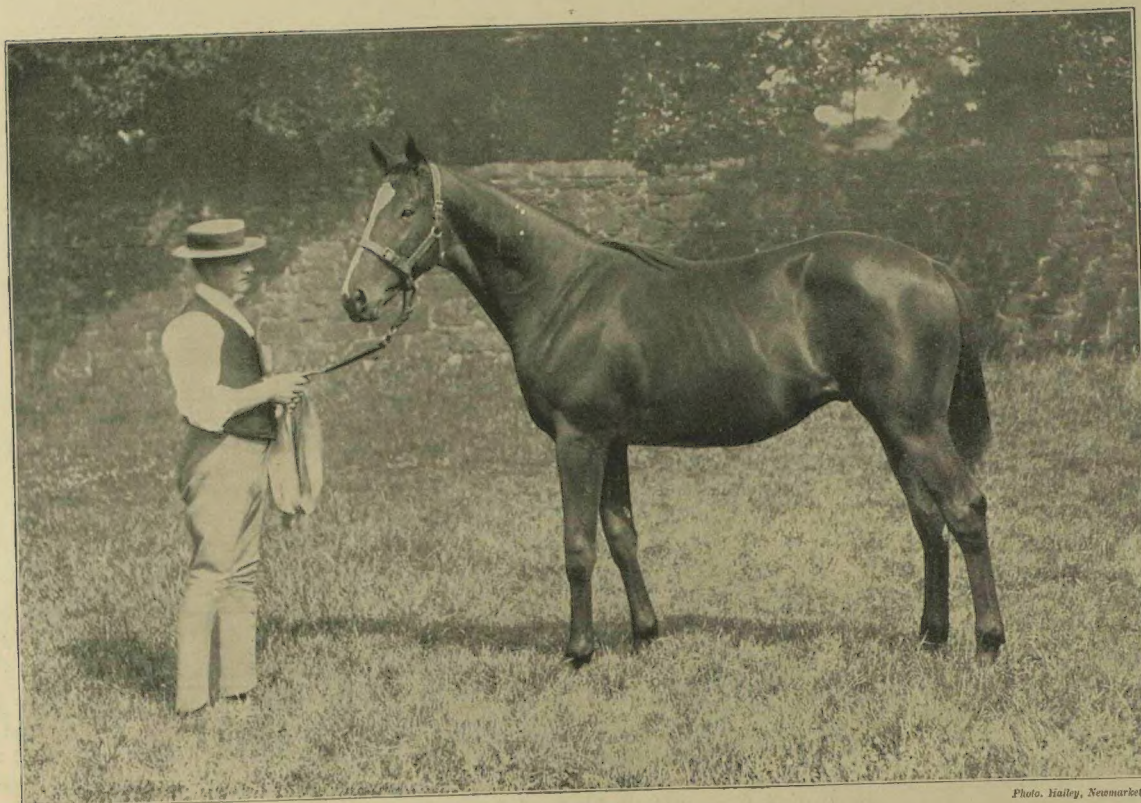


Photo. Haily, Neemabot.

THE WINNER OF THE DERBY, FLYING FOX, OWNED BY THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.



A NAVAL AND MILITARY GYMKHANA AT MALTA: "THE REGIMENTAL NIGHT-CAP STAKES."

DRAWN BY STAFF-SURGEON WILDEY, H.M.S. "HAWKE."

The conditions were: A course was to be ridden twice round. During first round night-shirts and caps were to be put on; during second, the saddle was to be taken off and competitors had to finish with night-cap tied under chin and saddle carried on arm. The race was ridden in a dust-storm, which accounts for the lack of background to the picture. The event created a great deal of interest and amusement.





THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AT WINDSOR: HER MAJESTY PLANTING A MEMORIAL TREE.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT ON MAY 29.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE QUEEN'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Wednesday, May 24, an anniversary which national loyalty would like, henceforth, in English Almanac Calendars, to be styled "Victoria Day," was kept by the Queen and the royal family at Windsor. No place is more historically or traditionally consecrated to English royalty; and it was there, in the stately ancient residence of the later Plantagenet Kings, and of her grandfather, George III., that her Majesty, with worthy sons and daughters and their wives and children, received all the world's congratulations and testimonies of reverent affection.

Pomps and splendours for its celebration were not at all needed at Windsor, a place wholly unlike the Versailles of a "Grand Monarque" or the Palatine of Imperial Rome. At ten o'clock, when the Queen and the royal family had breakfasted in the Oak Room of the Castle, she sat at the window overlooking the Great Quadrangle, with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, their son, and Princess Victoria, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Louise and her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, the Duchess of Albany, and several of the royal children. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duchess of Fife, and the Duke of Cambridge arrived later in the day. On the ground below, which was kept by the Eton College Rifle Corps, Prince Arthur of Connaught among them, with the boys and masters of that great school, were assembled two hundred and seventy amateur vocalists, members of the Windsor and Eton Madrigal and Choral Societies, and the choirs of St. George's Chapel and Eton College Chapel, conducted by Sir Walter Parratt, in his robes as a Doctor of Music. They sang the National Anthem, Bishop Walsham

to present loyal addresses. At five o'clock in the afternoon she drove through the town, and was enthusiastically cheered. A fine triumphal arch was erected in her Majesty's honour. There was a large royal family dinner-party at the Castle, and a special performance of "Lohengrin" in the Waterloo Chamber by the Covent Garden Opera Company, M. Jean de Reszke taking the title-role.

On Friday evening the Queen left Windsor for Balmoral, arriving at Ballater station on Saturday morning. The Queen's Commissioner presented a congratulatory address, and her Majesty replied expressing her satisfaction at being once again in her Highland home.

In London, the special religious thanksgiving services of that day, at St. Paul's Cathedral in the morning, with a sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and at Westminster Abbey and the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, were fully attended. Many large dinner-parties, arranged especially to do honour to the Queen, took place at the great hotels.

## A NEW ELECTRIC GUN.

The noiseless and smokeless electric gun invented by Mr. Newman, a young apprentice at Whitehead's torpedo factory, exists at present only in the tiny model weighing seven pounds which is figured in our illustration. With this small weapon, however, the inventor has made very satisfactory experiments, shattering a target at a distance of a mile and also at five-miles range. The gun has a very high muzzle velocity. It is said that the inventor has refused an offer of £75,000 from the Admiralty for his invention. Meanwhile, he is carefully guarding his secret while he constructs a model weighing one hundred weight. This he hopes to try probably in July. Mr. Newman is the son of a Portland grocer. His genius has developed early, for he is still in his twentieth year.

## THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

The Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, which was opened by the Duke of York on May 23, maintains its now well-established popularity. The Duke was accompanied by the Duchess, and the royal party included Princess Victoria of Wales and Princess Amélie of Schleswig-Holstein. The Tournament opened with a driving display by G Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, and thereafter picked men from the Army Gymnastic Staff gave an excellent display on the horizontal bar. An exhibition by cyclists, including Maxim gun and ambulance drill, followed, and so with varying events the afternoon wore away, the men of H.M.S. *Excellent* again showing their smart handling of their field-guns; while tent-pecking, sword against sword, mounted wrestling, and such like familiar contests were engaged in by other arms of the service. The pageant, to which everyone looks forward, this year illustrates the British Army from the Wars of the Roses to Omdurman. It makes a splendid and imposing spectacle. We illustrate the striking display given by the New

South Wales Lancers and Carabiniers. The representation is a reminiscence of Suakim in 1883, and the general idea is that a party of British troops has been surprised by the Dervishes in a defile. The British hold the Dervishes at



Photo. Jones, Wyke Lupton.

MR. NEWMAN, INVENTOR OF THE ELECTRIC GUN.

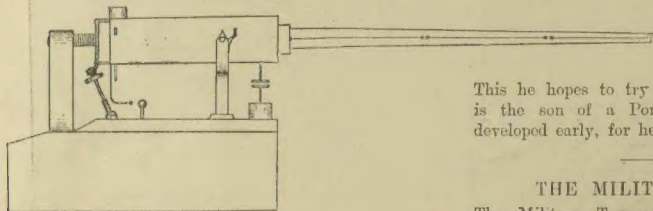
bay until reinforced by the Colonial troops, when the combined forces complete the victory.

On May 29 the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Princess Victoria, visited the Tournament, and was received by a guard of men from H.M.S. *Excellent*. On entering the royal box, the Prince had a most cordial reception from the great audience. The National Anthem was played and the assemblage rose to its feet. The royal party included the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Francis of Teck, and Lord Rosebery. His Royal Highness witnessed with evident interest the more important displays, which had been delayed until his arrival, and remained until the close of the exhibition.

## THE DERBY—CLEARING THE COURSE.

The order to clear the course at Epsom is a mandate which carries with it the power of an unwritten law. It is one of those curious customs which we all obey without questioning authority. It is a supreme moment full of hope and fears. It means the appearance of the equine gladiators who will fill the bill for the chief event of the day. The orders of the police are cheerfully obeyed, but not so easily carried through. There is a vast crowd on the course, and the margin is wide. When the sightseers are driven back to the long dead-level of the rails, the crowd does not move: it is simply compressed. It is a good-humoured crowd, one which laughs when it is squeezed, and chaffs the police when it is incommoded. Foreigners are more struck with this feature of the marvellous Derby scene than with the running of the horses. There is always a tussle at the narrow passage between the rings and Barnard's stands, where people cross to the "Hill," and the police have to exercise both

vigilance and tact in checking the crowd at the entrance to the course, where the horses come out from the Paddock. The late arrivals all want to get across, but no one heeds them. Morny and Flying Fox are just coming out from the Paddock; the jockey in the yellow and black of the Duke of Westminster is greeted with cheers and cries of "Good old Morny!" The howls of the mob and the anger of the mounted policeman who has to chase the proverbial Derby dog are drowned in the cheers which denote the advent of Holcauste with the little Yankee jockey perched on his back. It is a feature of English sporting life that the crowd loves to welcome a foreigner. There is expectation in every face. The noise of the crowd increases, and for once the voice of the nigger minstrel is silenced. They cleared the course, and the race was won by Flying Fox, the favourite.



A NOISELESS ELECTRIC GUN.

How's Queen's Jubilee Hymn, with the additional stanza by Mr. E. C. Benson; Mendelssohn's four-part song "The Woods," and two madrigals, composed by Sir Walter Parratt and Mr. E. Elgar. Three cheers were given for "the Queen." The Duke of Connaught, leaning out of the window, began to thank these singers; but her Majesty rose, and speaking in a voice heard far in the open Quadrangle, said, "I am very much pleased, and I thank you very much." Shortly afterwards, sending in turn for Sir Walter Parratt, the Rev. Dr. Hornby, Provost of Eton, Mr. Benson, Lady Edward Spencer Churchill, and the Mayor of Windsor (Mr. John Soundy), whom her Majesty at once knighted, she thanked each personally for their part in this graceful birthday greeting.

During the forenoon numerous and various beautiful floral devices were brought to the Castle as gifts to the Queen, from many private and public donors. A "feu-de-joie" was fired at noon by the 2nd Battalion of the Scots Guards, on the lawn in front of the East Terrace. Their Colonel, the Duke of Connaught, with the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Marquis of Lorne, in uniform, led their march to the Kennel Walk, where the Queen, in her low pony-carriage, with Princess Beatrice and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, soon joined by the other members of the royal family, saw her Scots Guards perform some military evolutions. Her Majesty drove on to Frogmore.

Her Majesty planted a young oak-tree as a memorial of her birthday. Returning to the Castle, where the Prince and Princess of Wales had meantime arrived, the Queen took luncheon with her family. She afterwards received deputations of the Military Knights of Windsor, and of the Court tradesmen holding royal warrants, coming



Photo. Johnston, Banchoy.

THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL AT BALLATER ON MAY 27.



## PERSONAL.

Sir George Gabriel Stokes, who has just celebrated his Jubilee as Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge,



Photo. Windsor and Grove.  
SIR GEORGE G. STOKES.

is in his eightieth year. Sir George is the youngest son of the Rev. Gabriel Stokes, Rector of Skreen, and was educated at Bristol College and at Pembroke College. In 1841 he was Senior Wrangler, and the same year was elected Fellow of Pembroke, of which he is now President. In 1869 he was President of the British Association, and from 1887 to 1892 he represented Cambridge University in Parliament. He is a Fellow of the

Royal Society, and has been President and Secretary. His writings on physical and mathematical subjects are chiefly contained in the Transactions of various scientific societies. From 1890 to 1892 he was Gifford Lecturer at Edinburgh. Out of the evil of the Czar's advisers cometh good for the British Empire. Already the Finns, sturdiest and most enduring of agriculturists, are preparing to flock in thousands to the wild but fertile regions of North-Western Canada. It is a curious fact that Canada has owed to Russian oppression some of her most worthy immigrants. Ten thousand Mennonites, who found it contrary to their religious beliefs to serve in the armies of the Czar, found a refuge in Manitoba and the other Provinces. They have proved most successful farmers. The Doukoboys, or Russian Quakers, were next driven from their fatherland, because they would not conform to the orthodox belief, and found freedom and homes in the wild North-West. And now the Finns are following them. The loss of the Slav is the Saxon's gain.

Nicola Tesla, the Servian inventor, is talking of communicating with Mars by wireless telegraphy. Mars is fifty millions of miles away; but distance does not matter. Some day the inhabitants of Mars will be astonished by electrical disturbances, apparently intended to attract their attention. Their scientific men will no doubt discover that these signals come from the Earth, and will do their best to favour us with useful information about their own planet. They may even be able to give "tips" to party leaders without a policy.

The Bishop of Hereford has appealed to the nobility and gentry who support the Turf to discourage betting. He paints the evils of gambling in colours which are not too strong, but he does not suggest any plan by which horse-racing may be divorced from "the odds." He might as well appeal to the Peace Conference to discourage armaments. Nothing the Conference may do, says M. de Staal significantly, will prejudice the "ulterior hopes" of the States who intend to gain something some day by the strong hand. Nothing, it may be feared, will quench the "ulterior hopes" of the public that backs horses.

Few men were better known and more respected in Liverpool than the late Mr. George Fosbery Lyster, Engineer-in-Chief to the Mersey Dock Estate, who died on Thursday, May 11. In a great Atlantic terminus like Liverpool, the Docks are the town, and Mr. Lyster was recognised by all Liverpudlians as one of the most efficient contributors to the prosperity of the great commercial city of the North-West. It was amid unique expressions of respect and goodwill that he was buried on May 16, close by his Welsh residence, to which in life he was so devoted.



Photo. Madrigton, Liverpool.  
THE LATE MR. G. F. LYSTER.

The conclusions of M. Ballot-Beaupré's Report, read this week before the Court of Cassation, point clearly to revision. His argument is that there has been a terrible judicial error, that Dreyfus was the victim of a conspiracy, that the bordereau was written by Esterhazy, and that the Court has no power to annul the sentence, and that Dreyfus must be retried by court-martial. It is significant that all the experts predict a verdict of acquittal by that tribunal. Dreyfus will be tried somewhere in Western France, away from the turmoil and intrigue of Paris. His judges will be officers in no way personally concerned in the long struggle. And he will be tried on charges carefully defined by the Supreme Court. There will be no more opportunities for locus-pocus.

M. Déroulède wished to persuade a Paris jury that he is rather an estimable person than otherwise. He admits that he wanted General Roget to overturn the

Parliamentary Republic. General Roget mildly hinted that he thought M. Déroulède an ass, but that patriot explained to the jury that he was really the saviour of his country. The whole procedure in this case is a farce.

Major Marchand is expected by some fiery spirits to do what General Roget refused to do when M. Déroulède took hold of his bridle-rein. The African explorer, who has arrived in Paris, is told in so many words that he has just come in the nick of time to save the army and upset the Parliament. This programme includes the upsetting of President Loubet. Major Marchand will probably feel that the thickest African jungle is a safer place than Paris for a man who should attempt the enterprise which the Anti-Semites have kindly mapped out for the national deliverer.

Mr. F. C. Burnand, portrayed in his riding habit as he lives while rusticiating in the Isle of Thanet, chats pleasantly in the June *Pall Mall Magazine* of his early connection with *Punch*, and of the droll "Mokeana" burlesque which, good-naturedly illustrated by the late Sir John Gilbert, proved an instantaneous success in *Punch*. Mark Lemon, full of bonhomie, and Thackeray, who was most friendly to the future Editor of *Punch* at the outset of his career, live again in the bright pages of Mr. Burnand's *Punch* recollections in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Mr. James Mortimer's new penny paper, the *Anglo-Saxon*, has for its laudable mission the cementing of the union which binds the "great English-speaking nations." The *Anglo-Saxon* starts well. It has not only an encouraging send-off from such distinguished men as Lord Dufferin, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Brampton (Sir Henry Hawkins), and Sir Evelyn Wood, but also contains a thoughtful signed article by Sir Charles Dilke on a vital question—how would England be fed in time of war?

Major-General Sir Claud Alexander, of Ballochmyle, Ayrshire, who died at his London residence on May 23, was the eldest son of the late Mr. Boyd Alexander, and grandson of Sir B. Hobhouse. He was born in London in 1831, and was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1849 he entered the Grenadier Guards, and, after attaining his Captaincy, served through the Crimean War, being present at the siege and fall of Sebastopol. For his services in that campaign he was decorated with the medal and clasp. From 1874 to 1885 he represented South Ayrshire in Parliament. He was very popular with his constituents.



Photo. Dickenson.  
THE LATE MAJOR-GEN. SIR CLAUD ALEXANDER.

Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief, has notified his intention of making the annual inspection of the Duke of York's Royal Military School at 11 a.m. on Wednesday, July 5. The annual fête and sports will take place on Thursday, July 6, commencing at 3 p.m. Mrs. A. H. King has kindly consented to present the prizes.

It will no doubt be welcome news to every soldier in her Majesty's Army that a new universal pattern cap for field service is about to be adopted for all ranks. The wretched, trumpety folding cap which has been worn by the infantry of the line for all purposes save full-dress parades for some time, and by cavalry and artillery in field order, was roundly condemned as useless by the Commander-in-Chief in his report on the Salisbury Plain Manœuvres. The new cap will somewhat resemble the head-dress at present worn by postmen, with a prominent peak both in front and behind. For "walking out," the folding cap will be retained in the infantry, and the forage-cap in the other branches.

Perhaps the most serious question to Londoners at the present time is that which concerns the choking of the Thames. It may be too much to say that London depends upon its river, but, if the river were taken away, London would cease to be, what it is at present, the commercial capital of all the world. Many a town of importance formerly has been left high and dry, far inland, by a gradual retreating of the waters. Does a similar fate threaten the great modern Babylon? Certain it is that some of the seaward channels—notably the Duke of Edinburgh Channel—are being silted up. But opinions differ as to the cause of this disquieting phenomenon. Some assert that the trouble is entirely due to the vestry contractors, who persist in dumping their street refuse in the lower reaches. The contractors, on the other hand, say that the damage to the channel is entirely the work of the London County Council, which daily sends thousands of tons of sewage from Barking and Crossness to the Middle Deep. Whatever it may be that causes this danger to navigation in the Thames Estuary, it remains for the Trinity House authorities, who control those waters, to ascertain the truth at once in the interests of the nation at large.

It is curious that whilst Mr. Kruger's proposed reform of the Transvaal franchise is evidently worthless, and whilst even that is bitterly opposed by many of the older Boers, General Joubert is for the largest concession. He would admit every Outlander to the franchise after four years' residence, and the taking of a simple oath to maintain the independence of the Republic. At the meeting with Mr. Kruger at Bloemfontein, Sir Alfred Milner must

have had some entertainment in contrasting these views with those of the President.

By the death of Don Emilio Castelar, Spain, not over-rich at present in able men, has lost a remarkable personality.

Though greatness of the first order was denied to Castelar, he was yet no mere windbag, and in his day served his country well. Castelar was a native of Cadiz, and was born in 1832. He obtained a University education, and became a teacher under Government. Turning his attention to politics, he made himself known by his eloquence during the military outbreak of 1854, and was appointed Professor of History at Madrid. After the abdication of Don Amadeo, Castelar was practically Dictator of Spain, and there can be no doubt that his strong action saved the country from utter ruin. He quelled the Cantonalists of the South, the Carlists of the North, but thereby offended the majority of the Cortes, and he returned to his duties as Professor. He was several times in exile, and finally withdrew altogether from active public life, contenting himself with quietly directing the "Possibilista" party, which favoured any Liberal reform, and with his literary occupations. Castelar was a true orator, the greatest, indeed, that modern Spain has known. Whatever his faults, he was emphatically an honest man.

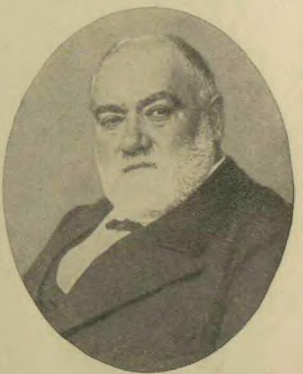


THE LATE DON EMILIO CASTELAR.

Sir Walter Besant says the Authors' Society may consider the expediency of agitating for the withdrawal of advertisements of their books from journals which attack the society. This suggests an odd conception of the uses of an advertisement. When a book is advertised, this is in order to attract public attention to its merits, not to the merits of the corporation to which the author belongs. The public may not care a fig for the Authors' Society, but a great many figs for a book which one of those authors has written. This distinction seems to be worthy of Sir Walter Besant's notice.

Among new companies with sound prospects, that of Carl Hentschel, Limited, certainly claims consideration. For the last fourteen years Mr. Carl Hentschel has carried on with conspicuous success the business of a photo-etcher at 182, Fleet Street. "Process" was made successful in London by Mr. Hentschel's father, and his son Carl has developed the concern to its present extent. One hundred and ninety hands are now employed. The business began with nine, and so extensive and efficient are plant and workmen that 75 per cent. of the firm's work is delivered the same day. Recently Mr. Hentschel turned out, in nine hours, nine full-page illustrations, measuring in all thirty square feet, for a daily paper. The new company has a share capital of £60,000. The history of the firm is such as to inspire every confidence in its continued and extended success.

The late M. Francisque Sarcey, whose death we have already announced, was born at Dourdan (Seine et Oise) in 1828. He was educated at the Lycée Charlemagne and at the Ecole Normale, where he won a distinguished place among such compeers as Taine, Libert, About, and Iaman. For a time he followed the profession of teaching, but some articles which he wrote in a local journal when Professor of Philosophy at Grenoble brought about his resignation, and led Edmond About to introduce him to the *Figaro*. From that moment he found himself a journalist. Critical essays on contemporary history at first occupied his pen, and afterwards he wrote dramatic criticism for the *Opinion Nationale*, which he left in 1867 to take charge of the dramatic feuilleton of the *Temps*. His writings had a polemical turn that involved him in frequent duels. In the columns of the *Dix-neuvième Siècle* he fulminated daily against the abuses of magistracy, administration, and clergy. A great character and the last representative of a famous tradition departs with "Uncle" Sarcey.

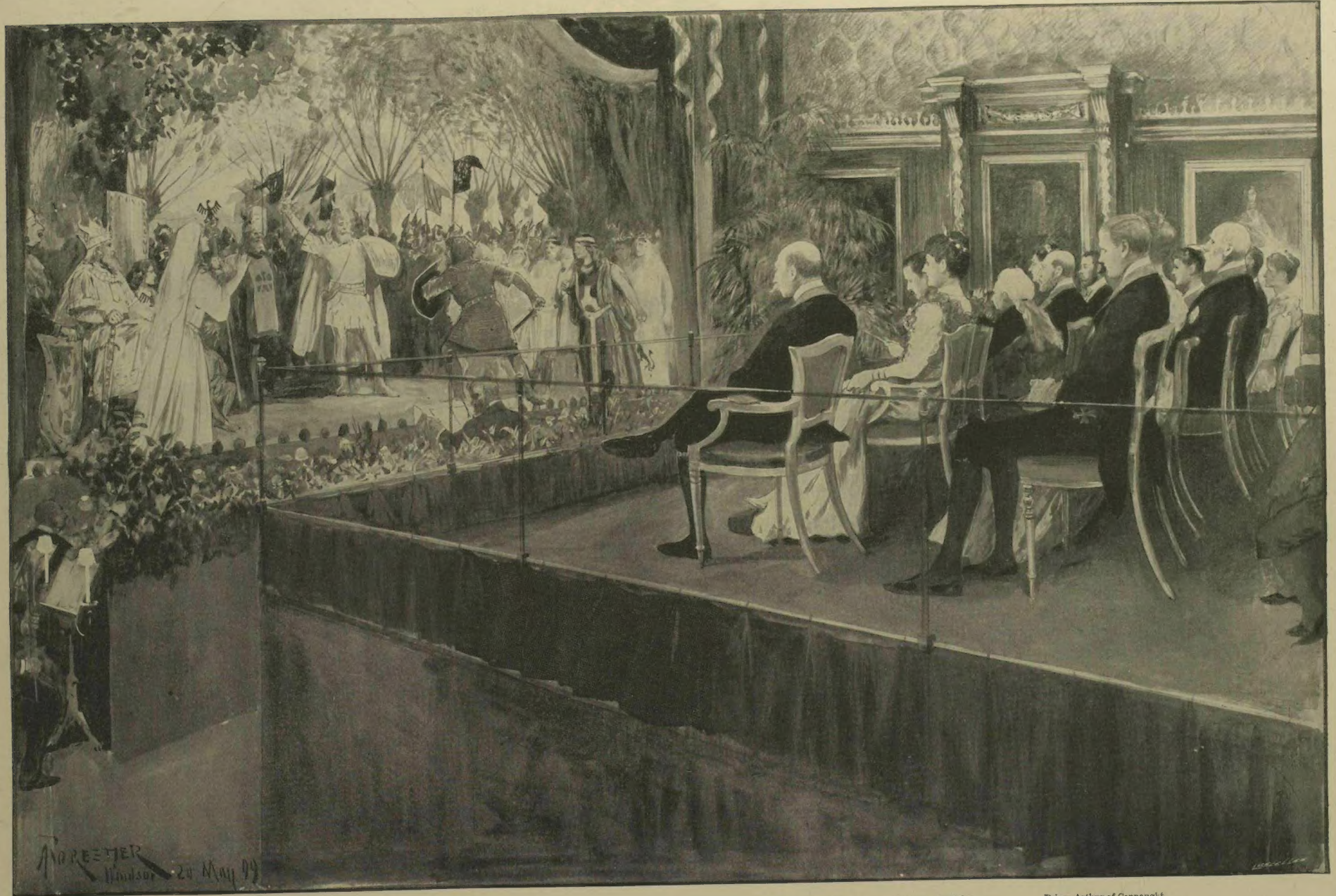


THE LATE M. SARCEY.

The new historical tableau of the execution of Charles I., just added to Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, realises that memorable scene in a vivid manner. Mr. John Tussaud, indeed, presents the public with a group remarkable for scholarly and painstaking accuracy of accessories, costumes, and portraiture. No wonder this old-established centre of amusement and education was rewarded, during Whitsun week, with an attendance which has beaten all records.



Prince of Wales.  
Grand Duke of Hesse. THE QUEEN. Duke of York.  
Duchess of  
Connaught.  
Princess Margaret  
of Connaught.



Duke of Connaught. Princess of Wales. Prince Arthur of Connaught.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AT WINDSOR: PERFORMANCE OF "LOHENGGRIN" BEFORE HER MAJESTY BY THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA COMPANY.





## "THE TRICK"

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS

THEY were making love, under the great black shadow of the broad-beamed fishing-snack. The twilight hung around them in ashen folds; the air lay still: but their love-making, as that of sea-folk should be, was stormy, like a winter sky.

"'Tis no matter of use," he said at last, with a gasp. "Your father 'll never consent while your cousin Govert lives."

"Your cousin Govert," fiercely retorted the girl.

"Well, yes. My cousin, and yours. He's the only bond between us."

"The only bond!" angrily repeated the girl.

He kissed her as a storm-wind strikes, too suddenly, across the branches.

"The only relation we have in common, I mean."

"And, pray, am I to remain a spinster," she asked proudly, "until Govert chooses to marry—or die?"

"I suppose so, for unless he marries you he will die unmarried."

"We have talked of these things before, Simon; we have got into a way of believing them. I wonder how much of them is true?"

"More than you would wish. Or I. Hush! Everything is true. Since yesterday night I know everything."

"What, in the name of goodness, do you mean?"

"In the name of goodness, little. Listen. Put your head down here. Last night I stopped Govert suddenly on the sands, in the dark, and asked him. He told me at once. It is just as we have always fancied. His aunt left him all her money—the two snacks, the four cottages—for the property came from his family, but she made him promise to make a will bequeathing it all to me, her sister's son, in case he should die unmarried."

"And of course he has kept the promise."

"Why 'of course'?"

"Because that is just like Govert. And it's just like you to question why. Never mind. Simon, I love you: I don't care twopence for Govert. And so he will die unmarried, and you will be rich some day."

"No, he will marry you. Put down your head."

"Thank you; I prefer to hold it up. Simon, I understand my father: I should act as he does. I pity him deeply. And—"

"Yes?"

"And I disobey him."

Again he caught her in his arms, and kissed her furiously.

"It is madness," he said, "delightful, celestial madness! You are only nineteen. The law forbids you to marry without his consent before you are thirty: you can't wait eleven years!"

"What is eleven years?—a moment."

"Nor I."

The air struck cold. She shivered. "If you were Govert," she said, in a low voice, "he would give his consent to-night."

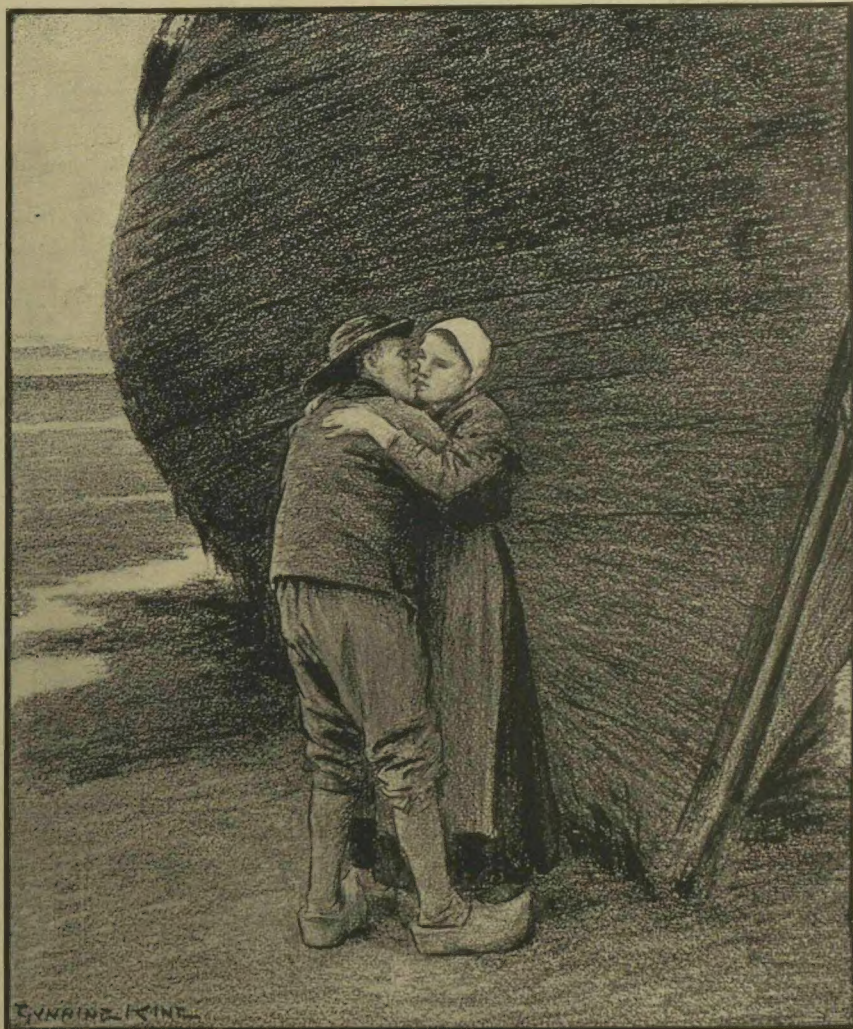
"I not being Govert, but only Govert's heir, he will give his consent—to Govert—to-morrow."

"I will refuse!" she cried vehemently.

He smiled. "All girls say that," he answered. "It's a very old story. But when it comes to the point—the beating and bullying and turning out of doors—they do as they are bid."

"Simon, you know too much; you talk too well for a common sailor."

"I am not a common sailor: I was second mate, as you know. It's a manlier occupation than taking out



Again he caught her in his arms, and kissed her furiously.



excursionists at so much an hour. Sometimes I think I'll start fishing, like Govert."

"Govert's got a smack."

The words stung him. "Two smacks," he said. She made no direct rejoinder.

"If you were Govert," she said at length, in a whisper, "he would give his consent to-night."

"What do you mean?"

She faced round at him, where they lay, interlaced, under the looming hull.

"I don't know. Do you?"

"No."

"Then let's talk of something else," she shook herself free. "Let's try that binding business again, Simon. You didn't give me time the other night. Why, it's only a sort of puzzle! If you only leave me alone for a bit, I know I shall be able to get loose." He laughed and, rising to his feet, a stalwart figure, he went along the vessel's side, looking for a bit of rope. The other day he had amused and annoyed her with this trick of binding your hands and bidding you undo them—quite an easy matter, if only you saw how.

"An English sailor taught it me," he said, "out at Demerary; it's as simple as anything. There, Janna, I've got you now." He slipped the noose over her strong young wrists. "Look, I could do what I liked with you!" And he made as if he would have slapped her cheek.

"I don't mind that," she said, but she struggled to free herself. "I like feeling that I'm in your power and that you've bound me." But she struggled all the more to free herself. "Now, at this moment, Simon, if you was wanting to kill me, I could only close my eyes—so." She suited the action to the words, sinking back, a faint smile on her lips.

"Good even!" said a man's voice in front of them. Govert Stendal stood beyond the shadow of the boat.

"What's the joke?" he asked, and his voice was bright, unlike their tones, which had been soft and bitter.

"Simon has chained me," said Janna defiantly, "and, see, he holds me chained."

"I will release you!" cried Simon's rival with assurance: he knelt in the sand; he tugged fiercely at the rope. "You are hurting me. That is all," said the girl coolly. Simon smiled. Govert set his teeth, and the blood sprang here and there from his fingers.

"Don't you think you had better give it up?" asked Simon. The other leapt from the sand and struck his tormentor a full blow across the face.

"Hit him back!" cried the girl, also springing to her feet, and swaying in the uncertainty of her balance.

"Hit him instantly, Simon, you coward! Unloose me; let me get at him! I'll hit him! Oh, Govert, I love you for doing that!"

"For that only?" he asked mournfully.

She turned on him at once. "Did you want me to love you for your money?" she said.

"You do not love me at all," he made answer.

She would have retorted, but her father's sudden appearance prevented her.

"Get you home, Janna!" commanded her father. "What means this unseemly exhibition? Oh, Govert is with you, I see. Your sister spoke only of Simon."

"The little spy!" said Janna between her teeth.

"You know what I told you I should do to you if ever I found you alone with Simon. You hear me, Simon Parr, you pauper!"

"Hush, father!"

"What! Is my own daughter to bid me hush? I'm the biggest smack-owner in Holst. Do you hear me, Simon Parr? And my daughters are not for the likes of you. What's the nonsense about this string? Undo it!"

"Let Govert undo it," said Simon sullenly.

"I can't," muttered Govert.

"Do, and you shall marry me," taunted Janna. "Father, you wouldn't make me marry a man that couldn't even untie another lover's knot."

Old Roskam had been eyeing his daughter's bound hands in the half-light. "Pooh!" he said; "Govert'll tie you a faster knot than that, girl." She stepped away from under his extended fingers. "I'll marry the man who unties my knot," she cried; "I'll marry the man who unties my knot!"

A smile which she could not perceive crept over her father's face. "So you shall," he answered smoothly. "But, mind you, no tricks! Keep with me. You shall go out with us in the smack to-night. 'Tis glorious weather for fishing. And, by-and-by, before you go to sleep, Govert shall have another try at Simon's knot."

"I'll keep it till then," exclaimed the girl. "No one shall touch it except the man who unties it. Promise me, father—all fair!—I may marry the man that unties my knot?"

Old Roskam laughed aloud. "You may," he said. "The matter shall be decided to-night, but, by Jove! you're too partial to Simon!" He drew the scared Govert aside. "Keep silent," he whispered hurriedly, "I know that trick. I learnt it years ago in Demerary."

Janna gazed triumphantly at Simon. "Well," she said, "you told me nobody could possibly discover how to do it. Oh, Simon, you heard father! He's passionate and unreasonable, but—but, Simon—he keeps his word."

"I don't believe it. I don't trust your father. And besides, Janna, what's the use? Govert's got the money, anyhow."

"Was it the money you was thinking of?"

"No, not the money. But your father'll never allow me to marry you—and me a pauper: you heard him say it! He's fooling you."

"Father's unreasonable, but father keeps his word."

"He's playing you a trick of some kind. He's playing you a trick."

"It's you that play tricks!" she cried, laughing happily, and held up her twisted hands.

"Janna, if Govert were dead—supposing he died to-night, I should have the smacks, and the houses, and everything!"

"Yes, but he isn't dead, nor likely to die."

"Janna, he's made the will he promised to. I know he has."

"He's a stronger man than you, Simon. I wished you'd hit him back."

"I'll hit him back, Janna, never you fear. If a man's hands were bound like yours are, Janna, another man could do with him what he liked."

"Fie! You wouldn't hit a man whose hands were bound!" said Janna.

"I didn't say that. Janna, if Govert was dead—"

She turned on him furiously.

"Kill him," she cried, "if you want to; but leave off talking about it." She hesitated a moment. "And kill him fair," she said, walking away.

Her father came round the prow of the boat, on whose other side he had been engaged in close confabulation with Govert. He saw the two lovers, a few steps apart, on the sand in the golden moonlight.

"Come along with me," he cried to the girl. "They're about starting. Govert's got to go home first and say he'll be away all night. He'll pull out to us in his boat later on. He can bring you along with him, Simon."

"I could come with you now. I'm ready."

"No, no. Let the two suitors come together; and the one that liberates the maiden shall wed her. But Govert must have first chance. Ha, ha! you're not fair to Govert. 'Tis like laying a wager when one party knows the result." He went off, laughing, and calling to his daughter to follow him.

"I don't believe you," said Simon between his teeth, "You'd never give your daughter to—a pauper."

And the sea came up with sullen and sleepy roar.

An hour later Govert and Simon stood, in the moonlight, by Govert's rowing-boat.

"Are you ready?" questioned Govert.

"I've never not been ready," was the ungracious reply.

"Well, my uncle wanted to go on ahead and have a talk, I suppose, with his daughter. Look here, Simon Parr, we can't both marry Janna!"

"Nobody said we could."

"But we can both love her, more's the pity. I promise you one thing, I won't marry her against her will. Not expressly against her will. I can't do more."

"Oh, a girl's will! And, then, 'expressly,' Govert Stendal, you're safe enough!"

"It's more than you would do for me: I know it. And, besides, there's this great difference between us: If I don't marry my cousin, Janna, I die a bachelor, and you—"

"Will be your heir."

The other started. "It's true," he said, "but nothing was farther from my thoughts than that. And you, I was going to say, if you cannot marry Janna, will—marry somebody else, in time."

"'Tis a lie," said Simon coldly. "Let's get into the boat and be gone."

Govert paused, with one foot on the bow. "Shake hands before starting," he said. "I'm sorry I hit out this evening. You provoked me beyond endurance."

"Shake hands with yourself," replied Simon. "Why, pray, should you and I shake hands?"

"Because we're to put out to sea together. Every trip on the ocean means a possible mishap. I can't bear to be in a boat with a man that's not my friend."

Simon laughed harshly. "Oh, I'm your friend," he said, "the best friend you ever had, perhaps. Get in."

They glided across the slinky water. The placid moon looked down upon the cadence of their oars.

Far out to sea the fishing-smack, with Roskam and Janna on board, lay silently calling the smaller boat towards her.

The two men were well away from the shore before either spoke. Their skiff was lost in the moonlit dark, on the swelling expanse of the waters.

"Yes," said Simon gloomily, as if following out his own gloomy thoughts. "To-morrow, unless something stops you, you'll be publicly engaged to the girl."

"If I untie her," replied Govert, laughing.

"Don't try to fool me. Untied or not, 'tis to you they'll tie her. Poor thing! Poor honest, happy thing!"

"Simon!" The other's blood boiled. "Best hold your tongue, Simon. So'll I. Don't forget we're cousins."

"Oh, curse your cousinship!" said Simon.

Then they both rowed on in silence across the slinky water. The moonlight played about the cadence of their oars.

Presently Simon spoke again, with an effort, as one who is eager to say what he rather would leave unsaid.

"You were talking about dying a bachelor—supposing you mean it."

"I do. 'Tis a stupid sort o' thing to speak aloud. But 'tis true."

"Well—supposing—then, all the more reason for me to keep you from marrying—her."

"To—keep—me—from?" repeated Govert proudly.

"Anyhow," persisted the other, his voice gaining in assurance, "if I can't keep you from marrying her, I can teach you how to win her fair."

Govert did not answer, pulling steadily.

"Nobody'll find out about that knot unless he's shown. I never knew anybody to do it."

"Well?"

"I might show you. For a consideration."

"You offer to sell me your sweetheart?" said Govert, pulling steadily.

"I offer to sell you what'll never be mine. I put the best face I can on a bad business. In another twenty minutes—he turned towards the vessel looming ahead—"you'll be making a fool of yourself before the lot of us, Govert Stendal. You'll get Janna in any case; best win her honest. Give me a thousand florins, and I'll show you how to unfasten her hands."

"You speak plainly," said Govert, pulling still. But his eyes were interested: the other observed his look.

"Here's a bit of rope," continued Simon, producing one from under his jacket. "Shall I show you how it's done?"

Govert rested on his oars, and fixed a keen gaze on his companion. Simon looked away.

"Is it a bargain?" said Simon, with a catch in his voice.

"Yes and no. If I succeed in freeing myself I pay you nothing."

"Of course," Simon laughed with the confidence of achieved success. "If you succeed in that, I'll pay you a thousand florins, though I don't possess a thousand pence."

"I don't want your thousand florins. Here!" Bending forward, Govert stretched out both arms. Simon, with frowning brow and trembling lips, held the noose. His hands shook so violently at first, he could hardly steady them. He looked down into the bottom of the boat. "Come," he said, in a very low voice. The oars plashed beside them. They lay on the water, almost at rest.

"Tie it tight," said Govert cheerfully. "As tight as you tied Janna, mind, or you won't be able to show me properly. Don't you think it's rather a mean thing, Simon, this thing that you're doing just now?"

"No, I don't think it's a mean thing," replied Simon, with sullen voice.

"Don't you? Well, opinions differ. Heavens, man! what makes your fingers tremble so?"

"Drink," answered Simon wildly. His companion looked incredulous, but only questioned: "Did you hurt Janna's wrists as much as you are hurting mine?"

"Janna didn't cry out," retorted Simon, still with sullen accents and sunken eyes. "And, besides, you told me to bind you tight."

"Janna's a good-plucked one. Have you done?"

"Yes," answered Simon, sitting back. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Govert, too, shoved back on his seat, and let his fettered hands lie in his lap.

"Well! Aren't you going to try?" cried Simon impatiently.

"What's the use of trying? Don't you say it can't be done?"

Simon glanced up for a moment: exultation flashed from his eyes. But he only answered quietly—

"True, it can't be done. You're in my power, Govert."

"Yes," said Govert, with dangerous tranquillity. "A thousand florins is too much."

The man opposite barked at him with suppressed rage. "You'll be sorry you said that," cried Simon. "I'm going to ask for two thousand, or I won't unloose you."

"Two thousand? When?" said Govert.

"Will you give me two thousand?"

"Supposing I say no?"

"You'll say yes," replied Simon, gently paddling forward. A cloud had come across the moon. It was dark.

"If you unloose me, I will give you two thousand."

Simon returned no immediate answer. The water slashed against the keel. "You may well say 'if,' he replied at length. "Govert Stendal, you're in my power."

"You remarked that before," said Govert coolly.

"Give me one of your two smacks also, and I'll untie you."

Govert looked across in swiftly indignant astonishment, but neither man could now discern the other's face. "What the devil do you mean?" cried Govert.

"I'll take the oldest and worst of the two—that's the *Mary Louisa*, isn't she? You see I'm not exacting." All the sneer had come into every word again: there never, in all the village, had been a sneerer like Simon Parr. "You must give me two thousand florins and the *Mary Louisa*, or—"

"Or?"

"Or we go up the side together, and Janna and all the rest can see what condition I've reduced you to. Oh, never fear: I'll help you up."

Govert looked down at his powerless hands and seemed to reflect. Presently he lifted his head with a movement of definite resolve. The clouds had lightened about the moon: great rifts of yellow were piercing the slaty grey. Across the slate of the waters the fishing-smack loomed large, no longer distant, dark against the slaty sky.

"That's once too often," said Govert calmly. "I wouldn't have minded giving you the thousand florins—to make up for losing Janna; I suppose that isn't too much for them as reckons money could make up. I'd have let you unfasten my hands and show me the trick, if so being that was any satisfaction. I'd have let you do all that for losing Janna—for you are to lose her. But, dang it, Simon, you're a scoundrel. You want to rob me. I was sorry I struck you. I owed you a reparation. But, dang it, I'm almost glad."

The other, instead of listening quietly, had sprung to his feet. The light boat swayed to and fro.

"Sit down!" cried Govert.

"Oh, I'll sit down!" replied Simon scornfully, rocking the boat with extended feet. "You—you—refuse to give me the money, do you?"

"Yes, I refuse."

"Fool, you forget—though I told you once too often for your liking—"

"Twice too often," interrupted Govert.

"Forget that I have you entirely in my power! You, whose life alone stands between me, a poor devil, and the money that'd gain me the sweetheart you want to be—not yours, but mine. By G—, it is you that have provoked another man once too often! I was wondering, all the time, on the water—should I do it? undecided. You've decided, not I!"

"What?"

Simon vouchsafed no reply. The moonbeams were once more rippling across the water in a broadening band of light. Govert watched his rival sit down, in silence, deliberately divest himself of his jacket, draw forth a life-belt from under the seat, and lay it ready for use.

The boat swelled and sank in the water, floating near to the ship.

"I'm going to upset us," said Simon hoarsely. "Save yourself if you can. You can't!"

He sprang to his feet again: the boat swung aside with the motion. The life-belt was in his hands: he was endeavouring to adjust it, recklessly flung forward, ready to drag the whole thing down with his weight towards the water. In that moment he saw, with eyes dilated in horror, the man opposite him slip both hands swiftly out of their bindings, saw him leap up and upon him, felt the



life-belt wrenched out of his grasp, felt the boat surge aloft and turn sideways and upwards and over, felt something strike him on the brow as the great rush of water closed in around him, sweeping him away, neath its weight, into darkness and stillness, and unutterable void.

Govert, fighting for life, in the first fear and thought of preservation, struck out from the suck of the boat. The next moment he paused, getting the life-belt under his armpits with an effort, and swam back a few yards, carefully watching. The boat lay bottom up, in the glitter of the moonlight. There was no sign of the missing man. Govert, sick at heart, waited in vain, with one arm against the hull. He never saw the face of his would-be murderer again.

"The life-belt struck him: it must have stunned him," reflected Govert. With some effort he set himself to right the boat, and, in the perfect calm of the radiant sea, succeeded. He got into her, dripping wet, alone, and, after protracted hesitation, sadly shaped his course towards the ship.

In another moment he hailed her and went on board.

"Where is Simon?" asked Janna's voice, as he set his

"Murderer!" she said.

And he tried to tell a little more, to tell how the thing had happened, struggling to leave the dead man unaccused yet to exculpate himself.

"Murderer!" was all she said, with her fettered arms against the gunwale.

His cheeks burned: he grew more explicit. Simon, he said, had upset the boat.

"Why?" she asked, still looking away into the moonlit darkness. "And you had the life-belt? Murderer!"

"I am not the murderer," he burst out. "Before Simon upset the boat he had bound my hands like yours. I was willing to pay him for showing me the trick, though I knew it: your father had just taught me; but while my hands were still bound, as he thought, Simon upset the boat."

"I do not understand," she said, still looking away. "I do not believe a word; there seems no sense in your story. Bound your hands—ah!" She turned to him, her face aflame. "Ah, I understand! He wanted to kill you!"

"He was my heir," said Govert.

"You tell me," she said, "that Simon was a coward?"

"I did not say it."

"But you think it?"

"It is true."

"That he was a scoundrel?"

"Janna, what is the use of all this? I only tell you that he is dead, and that I love you!"

"That he sold his claim on my heart for money?"

"So be it."

"That he tried to kill you by treachery?"

"Even so."

"Fool! All these things you tell me, and I love him. And you ask me to forget him, and become your wife?"

"Not to-night."

"Aye, to-night. I must wed to-night."

"Let me untie your wrists. If one but knows, it is very simple."

She pushed him back. "Only my husband," she said, "shall untie my wrists to-night."

"But we cannot be married to-night," he pleaded.

Again she checked him. She had drawn towards a heavy weight which lay beside her. She now lifted it in her tight-bound hands.



She stood before him, her wrists still encircled by the string.

foot on deck. He could not answer. She stood before him, her wrists still encircled by the string.

"Did you forget to bring him?" she asked tauntingly. "You're late enough!"

"I didn't forget to bring him," Govert stammered awkwardly. "We came together."

"Then what's he waiting for down there?" she cried. She looked over the side: she could see clearly enough in the moonlight that the skiff was empty. There was no one "waiting down there?"

"Janna, I can't help it!" exclaimed Govert madly. He broke loose, hardly knowing what he said. "I can't help it! It's no fault of mine! I don't know how it happened! I don't think, Janna, it was any fault of mine!"

"Fault of yours? What has happened?" Her face was white.

Then he told her hurriedly, confusedly—told her, at first, only that the boat had upset.

"And you had the life-belt on!" she screamed, pointing. "You could swim better than he—brute. Did you hit him in the water?"

He would have answered, but she heeded nothing, hanging over the ship's side, fiercely weeping, for the truth had dawned upon her that Simon was dead. At last she lifted her face, violently checking the storm, becalmed.

"Liar! He was not thinking of that. You had struck him—you had insulted him—he wanted to kill you!"

"And so he tied my hands!" said Govert bitterly.

"It was I he was thinking of—I! He wanted me. He wanted me! Coward! By your own confession you hit him—in the boat, in the water, at some time, you maimed him. And you saved yourself!"

"Listen to me," he cried desperately. "It is not like that—honestly, it isn't. I don't think—oh, don't make it worse for me—I don't think, I'm not sure—no, I can't be to blame! By the God above us, that listens, I had no thought of hurting him. A man naturally endeavours to save himself—he'd attempted to murder me—it was murder—I—I seized hold of the life-belt—I waited—"

"Cease," she said. "You can spare yourself the trouble. Leave me alone."

"Janna, don't take on so: I can't bear it. He wasn't worthy of you, Janna; he really wasn't. He would readily have sold his claim for a couple of thousand florins—"

"He was very poor," she said, more to herself than to Govert.

"I love you a thousand times more, Janna. Let me make up for him. Janna, you will marry me and make me happy, and be happy yourself some day, in time, Janna!"—his voice grew faint with pleading—"Janna."

She drew herself up and faced him.

"Who says not?" she answered.

"Janna, you know as well as I—"

Again she stopped him with an imperious gesture; and, holding the weight aloft: "You have told me much to-night," she said, "and this is my one reply."

She had steadied herself against the gunwale. With the deadly weight grasped tight between her fingers, she flung herself over the side.

THE END.

Passengers on the New Palace Steamers from London to Southend, Margate, Ramsgate, Boulogne, and Ostend will welcome the capital official guide which Mr. Austin Brereton has written. The company's season has had an auspicious beginning, the number of passengers carried on the opening days between London, Margate, Ramsgate, and Southend by the *Royal Sovereign* and *Koh-i-noor* showing that the trips are likely to be as popular as ever this year. *La Marguerite* and *La Belgique* resume running to Boulogne and Ostend on June 28 and July 1 respectively.

A handsome memorial window has been placed in Ledbury parish church to the memory of Mr. Edward Maddison, who was for twenty years manager of the National Provincial Bank at Ledbury, and a Freemason of mark, having been Provincial Grand Secretary for Herefordshire.





Grand Duke of Hesse.

Duke of Saxe-Coburg. The Queen. Duke of Connaught.

THE QUEEN'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS AT WINDSOR.—AFTER THE REVIEW: THE 2ND BATTALION SCOTS GUARDS PASSING THE QUEEN  
ON THEIR WAY TO BARRACKS.



## CURRENT SCENES AND EVENTS.

The great event of the past week, her Majesty's eightieth birthday, was celebrated no less heartily in the provinces than at Windsor. On the south coast, Dover and Brighton maintained their loyal reputation by military and civic ceremonial. At Dover an interesting military spectacle was arranged. The troops under Major-General Sir Leslie Rundle, commanding the South-Eastern District, paraded on the sea-front along with the Kent Artillery, Militia, the Cadets of the Buffs, and the Dover Gordon Boys. A *feu-de-joie* was fired and the troops marched past. At night a grand military tattoo was held by the bands of the garrison. A pleasant incident of the day's rejoicing was the unexpected arrival of nine German war-ships, which stayed during the ceremony. One of their commanders landed and conveyed to Sir Leslie Rundle the congratulations of the German fleet. At Brighton a *feu-de-joie* was also fired, and a special thanksgiving service was held in the Dome. The Mayor, Mr. Alderman Hawkes, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Hawkes, attended with the members of the Corporation. The three officiating clergymen were the Rev. Prebendary Hannah, Vicar of Brighton, the Rev. E. H. Nash, Senior

very elaborately composed of flowers and foliage, and was further decorated with bannerets and electric lamps. On it were displayed many loyal sentiments. Over all floated the Royal Standard and the Corporation flag.

Royalty was not inactive in the latter days of last week after the Queen's birthday. The Prince of Wales went to Great Yarmouth, and on Friday inspected the Norfolk Militia Artillery, being honorary Colonel, with three battalions of other Norfolk Militia, on the South Denes. Viscount Coke and the other officers gave a ball at the Town Hall. Princess Louise, with the Marquis of Lorne, was at Oxford on May 25, opening the Jubilee Fountain and an Industrial Exhibition, and laying the first stone of a tower at St. Margaret's Church. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Morrell, Mr. and Mrs. Hermon-Hodge, as well as the Mayor of Oxford and the Vice-Chancellor of the University, did the reception honours.

The newspapers have lately had many telegrams of fighting at Kowloon; but although these told us of military being called out, and artillery having to be employed—to which may be added reports of a good many Chinamen killed—very little information was given as to what it all meant. Hong-Kong, which is translated the "Island of fragrant streams," is a huge granite rock, not unlike Gibraltar, to which it is often



THE QUEEN'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AT WINDSOR: HER MAJESTY DRIVING THROUGH THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH ON CASTLE HILL.



ENGINEERS PREPARING FOR THE MARCH PAST.



SIR LESLIE RUNDLE AND STAFF INSPECTING THE TROOPS.



THE LANCASHIRE REGIMENT FIRING THE FEU-DE-JOIE.



THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT FIRING THE FEU-DE-JOIE.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS AT DOVER.

Photographs by Parsons, "Dover Observer."

Curate of the Parish Church, and the Rev. Alfred Norris, Pastor of Clifton Road Congregational Church. Handel's "Coronation Anthem" was sung, and the Vicar preached an appropriate sermon. The service closed with the singing of the National Anthem. Elsewhere we describe at length the great Windsor festivities. On this page, however, we give an illustration of the floral arch erected by the citizens of Windsor on Castle Hill as it appeared at the moment when her Majesty drove beneath it. The arch was

compared, with the town of Victoria—that is the official name, but in common parlance called "Hong-Kong"—extending along the base. Kowloon is a promontory on the mainland of China, almost in front of Victoria, the position being such that, if an enemy got possession of it with artillery, they would command the eastern channel leading to the harbour, the harbour itself would cease to be one, and the town might very soon be only a mass of ruins. The possibilities of the



position have long been recognised by our military authorities, and efforts had at times been made to have the Kowloon promontory ceded to us. These always failed till the late cession of territory to the European Powers took place, when this was accomplished, and the ground is now British soil. It was the official occupation of the locality by the Hong-Kong authorities that led to the disturbances, which appear, happily, to be now over. As building ground in Victoria, or Hong-Kong, is very limited, a "Surrey side" may be expected to come into existence in Kowloon.

Few writers have mentioned the Chinaman's tendency to gambling. He is much given to it, and Kowloon is not the only place in the Flowery Land where gambling-



THE QUEEN'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AT BRIGHTON: THE MAYOR AND MAYORESS RETURNING FROM THE SERVICE AT THE DOME.

houses may be found. The present writer once visited the native police-court in Shanghai to see what the proceedings were like. Among the prisoners was the keeper of a gambling-house. A young man from the country had been quite "cleaned out" the night before, and he had the principal delinquent apprehended; the police had also brought away the dice, cards, and other things found in the place. After the case was over, I was allowed to help myself from the tray on which they were exhibited. I found that some of the dice had a delightful tendency to turn up "double sixes." A minute inspection showed that one of the six spots was a hole—filled up, of course—and through this the dice had been hollowed out, and probably molten lead dropped, so that it adhered to the side opposite to the six spots, which thus became the heavy side, and explains why the six spots were so often uppermost. From this it is evident that Western civilisation has little it can teach Ah Sin on the subject of gambling. Chinese cards must be a complicated game, for a pack of them, got on the same occasion, contains over 120. They are narrow slips of card, little over half an inch in width, and, judging from the figures on them, they are arranged by some process of order into fours. Their small size will suggest to anyone that Ah Sin would be a very successful player with them. Some typical scenes at Kowloon appear in a full-page illustration.

"I'm off to Philadelphia in the morning" may soon come hitting from the lips of English manufacturers. Hardly will the season of the instructive "Article Club Exhibition" at the Crystal Palace have run its course, when the Philadelphian Exhibition of American locomotives and machinery will (in October and November) tempt them to cross the Atlantic to see how Uncle Sam is progressing in the mechanical arts.

The fate of Sir Henry Peck's beautiful estate at Wimbledon, one of the finest in the suburbs, is practically decided. The estate has been acquired by a syndicate, and is to be cut up forthwith, an effort, however, being made to spare as much of the ornamental timber as possible. The gardens were once the most beautiful near London, and were specially famed for their profusion of rare foreign trees and plants. For a century and a half the grounds of Wimbledon House have been more or less celebrated, but they became specially so in the time of Mrs. Marryat, widow of a rich West Indian merchant, and mother of Captain Marryat, the novelist. While the Marryats held possession, Sheridan, Rogers, Harrison Ainsworth, Clarkson Stanfield, and Campbell



The Granary



Wimbledon House

were frequent guests. Fifty years earlier it was the English retreat of M. de Calonne, a conspicuous figure in the early days of the French Revolution, whose splendid art collection attracted thither Sir Joshua Reynolds and other artist visitors. Earl Gower bought the place from him; and another notable resident was the Prince de Condé, who established himself at Wimbledon after his marriage with the Dowager Princess of Monaco.

In South Africa, as well in the Cape Colony and Natal as in the two Dutch Republics, that of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, public attention is anxiously directed to the personal conference between Sir Alfred Milner, High Commissioner of the British Government, and President Kruger, beginning on Wednesday, May 31, at Bloemfontein. Mr. Chamberlain's reply to the numerously signed petition or memorial of the Uitlander, residing at Johannesburg expresses the confident hope of our Government that the President and the Volksraad will agree to a reasonable solution of the franchise question.

Strenuous efforts have been made almost daily to save the *Paris* from her perilous position on the Lowland Reef of the Manacles. Six powerful tugs, assisted by the engines



THE STRANDED "PARIS" AT LOW WATER ON THE LOWLAND REEF OF THE MANACLES.

Photo. Burrow, Cambray.



of the stranded vessel at full steam astern, have with every flood-tide attempted to move her, but up to the time of writing she remained fast. It is believed that a pinnacle of rock has pierced the hull in No. 5 hold, and if that is so, other methods than mere haulage must be resorted to. Some experts favour the bodily lifting of the fore end, others recommend blasting. For either of these processes the vessel would have to be platformed. The Cornish coast experts are pessimistic, and fear the drift of the Channel with a south-easterly breeze. As long, however, as the weather continues calm, there is hope for the unfortunate ship. Our illustrations show the *Paris* at low water, also a group of shipwrecked passengers at the door of the Royal Cornwall Sailors' Home at Falmouth, where about sixty of the ship's company found refuge. Mr. Toulson, superintendent of the Home, appears at the door among his guests.

The munificent Corporation of Glasgow celebrated the Queen's birthday by reopening Glasgow Bridge, which had been closed for reconstruction since June 1895. The reconstructed bridge is somewhat over 500 ft. long and 80 ft. wide between the parapets. It is built of solid granite throughout, and is carried on seven arches, with two abutments; these, again, are carried on top of thirty-eight steel caissons filled with



GLASGOW BRIDGE, REOPENED ON MAY 24.

M. Liotard, Governor of the French province of the Upper Ubanghi, and conducted to Paris, where popular demonstrations of honour await the hero of Fashoda.

Lord Esher, appropriately enough for one who was distinctly of the fighting men at the Bar, was born on Aug. 15 of the Waterloo year. Although essentially a distinctive personage of the Courts, he was yet never regarded as one of the most genial of celebrities. There was on the contrary, an undercurrent of sarcasm in the late "Master" which was often mistaken for a sense of ill-humour. He liked to hear the truth of the matter, but was not over-particular in his expression of opinion. In this respect he seems to have inherited much of the subtle acumen of his predecessor Sir George Jessel. But between the two most able men there all sense of similarity ceased. About Lord Esher there was almost a touch of the Disraelian manner: his singularly handsome white hands, the smartness of his attire, the urbanity of his smile—at least when he chose to be urbane. He liked also to exercise the hospitality of the Courts, and many of the great ones of the earth, from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, have sat with him to lunch and to listen to old-world stories of Westminster when he was a smart lad among the smart, and of the days when he was a Caius man and could hold his own on the water with the best. The son of a popular London cleric, the smart boy at Westminster, the Senior Optime athlete of Cambridge, Lord Esher possessed all the needful essentials for the successful professional man of the highest type. He married in 1850 Eugénie Mayer, stepdaughter of Colonel Gurwood, C.B. His son, Mr. Reginald Brett, C.B., who succeeds to his father's viscounty, unlike the late Master of the Rolls, is possessed of much artistic and literary ability, which is likely to distinguish him in a vastly different way of life. It is well known that Lord Esher had long prepared his own tomb in the shape of a grave surmounted by marble effigies of his wife and himself at Esher.



LORD ESHER.



Photo. Osborne, Falmouth.

SHIPWRECKED PASSENGERS OF THE "PARIS" AT THE ROYAL CORNWALL SAILORS' HOME.

concrete and sunk to a uniform depth of 75 ft. below high water. The parapet, including the balustrading and pediments, is of polished granite. The pavements for foot passengers are 15 ft. wide, and besides a double line of tramway lines, the bridge provides two sets of tramways for heavy traffic and two roadways for lighter vehicles. It is expected that the bridge will cost £100,000, although the original estimate was only £81,000. The bridge is brilliantly lighted by electricity, the current being carried to a row of decorative pillars set right down the centre. These poles have also provision made on them for carrying the trolley wires connected with the municipality's system of electric-tram traction. Lady Richmond, wife of the Lord Provost, performed the opening ceremony.

The first bridge to cross the Clyde on this site was built in 1768. It was only 30 ft. broad, but sixty years later it was removed and rebuilt with a width of 60 ft., this latter bridge being again removed to give place to the one just opened. The first bridge known to have crossed the Clyde was built in 1345 by Bishop Rae, and it served its purpose tolerably well until 1845, when it was removed to make way for the Victoria Bridge, which is more in keeping with the modern needs of the city. The Bishop's Brig, as it was called, had a very stiff rise, and very frequently got 'out of repair. On these occasions vehicles and all carriages simply forded the stream, a thing that could not be done now owing to the improved navigation. We need some Glasgow men to clear the Thames.

A yearly congress and competitive performance of German choral singing, instituted by the German Emperor William II. in 1895, on his birthday, has been taking place at Cassel, his Majesty and the Empress being present. It was attended by 2750 vocalists from all parts of Germany.

A decision of the French Court of Cassation upon the Dreyfus case will probably have been made known by the end of the present week. The completed report of its investigation, in full detail, including all that has been ascertained concerning personal or official acts since 1894, affecting the proofs of guilt and the conduct of judicial proceedings, has been delivered by M. Ballot-Beaupré to the Procureur-Général, who laid it before the Appeal Court on Monday. It is demanded that Captain Dreyfus be brought home for a new trial by court-martial.

The arrival of Major Marchand, expected in Paris on the first day of June, had been eagerly anticipated, and preparations made for a triumphal festive welcome. Landing at Toulon after his steam-boat passage from Port Said, he was to be received by



Photo. Emily Stewart, Exeter.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AT EXETER: FIELD ARTILLERY GIVING THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN AFTER FIRING THE FEU-DE-JOIE.





1. Kowloon City from the Coast.

2. Kowloon City showing the old Boundary Wall that divided British from Chinese Territory.

3. Gambling Houses, Kowloon.

4. Stone Landing-Pier at Kowloon Bay, showing the Entrance to the City (Kowloon).

The Poles on either side of the Entrance are called "Mandarin Poles," showing that it is the Official Entrance to a "Yamen."

SCENES IN BRITISH KOWLOON.

SEE "CURRENT SCENES AND EVENTS."





ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL: THE CARABINEERS AND NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS DISPERSING THE DERVISHES.





A MEETING OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

SEE NEXT PAGE



## THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE.

We have just witnessed the initial proceedings of the delegates from Sovereign States of the civilised world at an International Conference to discuss some rules for abating the mischief of war and the burden of excessive military and naval armaments. Benevolence and political prudence agree to commend such an aim; let the Emperor Nicholas II. of Russia, so far, be thanked and praised. Let us hope for some good practical result.

But the Hague, in those traditions of European Continental history dating back two centuries and a half, the significance of which, expressed by the old phrase "the balance of Powers," has not even yet become wholly obsolete in modern statesmanship—used to mean the key of a system of mutual compromises and pledges of fair dealing between powerful monarchies, after the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, by which it was hoped, though in vain, to spare mankind the evils of war. In that hospitable residence of the Republican States-General of the Seven United Provinces, Holland being more than equal, from the riches and the population of her mercantile and manufacturing cities, to all the rest, negotiations were frequent to which the assent of the Dutchmen themselves was then needful on account of their superior financial and their maritime resources, as well as the jealous defence of their national independence. In the Thirty Years' War of Germany they had aided to check the aggrandisement of the Hapsburg House of Austria; and Spain, content with retaining the Roman Catholic part of the Netherlands, grievously impoverished and enfeebled, was no longer an enemy, but had become a dependent ally, seeking Dutch help, as indeed the German Rhineland and other Princes and the Empire did, against Louis XIV. In Northern

Prince of Orange, grandson of Charles I., husband and cousin of English Princess Mary, obtained the means of coming over to save the liberties of England in 1688. It was here also that Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy with the Pensionary Heinsius planned their victorious campaigns, from Blenheim to Oudenarde and Malplaquet, in which Dutch soldiers well bore their part, as they did again, long afterwards, in the campaign of Waterloo. The Hague is a place of some interest, therefore, to us Englishmen, whether our thoughts be of past wars or of future peace.

To the Dutch nation it is much more; not, indeed, the cradle of that brave damsel called "De Hollandsche Magd," who stands, colossal in bronze, upon the monument in the Willens Park, with a banner and a sheaf of arrows in her hand, a lion at her feet, above the statue of King William Frederick wearing his coronation oath in 1813. The Dutch nation's spirit was born and nursed in many other towns, and was guarded by some of them, Haarlem, Leyden, Alkmaar, in sieges the like of which the Hague never felt. But here it was, and while Napoleon, though defeated at Leipsic, was still reigning over Holland as part of the French Empire, with a garrison of 10,000 French troops, that a few hundred half-armed townsmen, led by three gentlemen—Hoogendorp, van der Duyn, and Count Limburg-Styrum—one day in November 1813 raised the flag of revolt and drove the Frenchmen away. It was many days before Russian troops and British war-ships could arrive to help those Dutch patriots; but the example of the Hague was meantime followed in most other cities and districts. Hence the present kingdom of the Netherlands has arisen.

Dismissing now such associations, since we live in better times, and observing that an important Peace

an artificial lake or fish-pond of several acres' extent and quadrangular shape, whose water reflects the rather stately Binnenhof buildings, the fine trees growing on the mound opposite, and the mansions of the Dutch nobility, of a hereditary aristocracy not less dignified, though less privileged, than those of Germany. They inhabit the Voorhout and the Kneuterdijk. All that lies beyond, to the north, except the plain royal palace in the main street called the Noordeinde, with its large gardens behind, on the Princess Canal, and with its sumptuous stables, is like Bayswater or Belgravia. It is mainly the abode of well-to-do private residents, many pensioned Government officials, thriving professional men, merchants retired from business, coffee or tea or tobacco planters from the Dutch East Indies or Surinam, ex-Colonial Governors, Generals, and members of fashionable society, distributed in their respective quarters. Comfort, strict order, and quiet cheerfulness, with no ostentatious display of riches, no bustle or hurry, and no tumultuous dissipation, seem to characterise social life at the Hague.

The diplomatic delegates to the Peace Conference hold their sittings, welcomed by the young Queen Wilhelmina, at the Huis ten Bosch, a small palatial villa embosomed in the delightful sylvan groves a mile and a half eastward of the city. Our Special Artist has been at work to furnish some illustrations of this important event. To our portrait group we append several illustrations of the scene of the Conference. The "House in the Wood" is situated on the road to Haarlem, and was built in 1647 by Princess Amalie of Solms in commemoration of her husband. This Princess was the grandmother of our William III.

The Orange Hall, which is an octagon with a lofty cupola, is part of the ancient building. Other saloons in



1. Sir Henry Howard, K.C.M.G., C.B. } Great Britain
2. Sir John Fisher, K.C.B. } and
3. Sir J. C. Ardagh, K.C.I.E., C.B. } Ireland.
4. M. F. Martens, Russia.
5. A. Bellmann, Roumania.
6. Arthur de Bazou, Spain.
7. Turkish Delegation, Turkey.
8. Léon Bourgeois, France.
9. Count von Münster, Germany.
10. Jhr. van Karnebeek, Netherlands Vice-President.
11. A. Beernaert, Belgium.
12. Hon. Seth Low } United States
13. Hon. Stanford Newell } of
14. Captain William Crozier } America
15. Sir Julian Pauncefote, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Great Britain and Ireland.

16. Count von Welsersheimb, Austria.
17. M. Delyannis, Greece.
18. Cavaliere Augusto Bianco } Italy.
19. Cavaliere Louis Zucconi } Italy.
20. Jhr. Hooft van Velsen, Intendant of the Royal Palaces of H.M. the Queen of Holland.
21. Baron von Stengel, Germany.
22. Baron de Staal, Russia (President).
23. Jhr. van Eys van Limien (Chief Secretary).
24. Jhr. W. H. de Beaufort, Dutch Foreign Minister.
25. Professor Zorn, Germany.
26. Andrew D. White } United States
27. Frederick W. Holls } of
28. Captain Alfred T. Mahan } America.

31. A. Okoliczanyi d'Okolicsna, Austria.
32. Count Nigra } Italy
33. Count Zannini } Italy
34. Yang Yü, China.
35. Colonel von Schinack } Denmark.
36. F. E. de Bille } Denmark.
37. Marquis de Villaurrutia } Spain.
38. Duke of Tetuan } Spain.
39. Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, France.
40. Senhor d'Ornelas, Portugal.
41. Dr. Arnold Roth, Switzerland.
42. E. N. Rahmsen } Netherlands.
43. T. C. M. Asser } Netherlands.
44. Baron Hayashi, Japan.
45. Baron de Bildt, Sweden and Norway.

## KEY TO "A MEETING OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE."

(See Double-Page Illustration.)

Germany, by the payment of subsidies, the troops of Brandenburg and the Swedes might be engaged to divert a foe's attention. The Dutch Republic then held an important position in Europe, but this lasted not many years. It fairly earned the reputation of just adherence to its promises towards other nations, and of readiness, at any cost or risk, to take the leading part in defending the peace of the world.

Whoever visits now the pleasant little city—long called a village, for it had then no rank as a civic municipality—ought to recognise those valuable services of Holland, at that period of her glory and prosperity, to the common welfare of mankind. The Binnenhof, that modest-looking brick-built precinct of Government and Parliament offices, with its ancient Ridderzaal, gabled and turreted, erected by the Counts of Holland in the thirteenth century, has indeed been the scene of remarkable acts of English history. Queen Elizabeth's favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, here offended her vastly by his installation as Governor-General when she had refused the sovereignty, being averse to open war with Spain. It was here that Sir William Temple ably concluded with John de Witt the Triple Alliance for the defence of Flanders, which King Charles II. and the Cabal Ministry, for private bribes of French money, presently betrayed in a plot to compass the ruin of Dutch freedom. But it was here that the

Congress was held at the Hague six years ago, let it be testified that the political capital of the kingdom, though scarcely magnificent or splendid, is a highly respectable and agreeable city. Its situation, two miles and a half from the open seashore of sandy Scheveningen, affords the freshest and finest air. There are no mean, straggling suburbs, but on its north-west and eastern sides, closely approaching the town itself, are grand preserves of immemorial sylvan growth, the Scheveningen Bosch or Wood, and the Haagsche Bosch; of oak, beech, ash, birch, and elm, through which half-an-hour's walking, straight on, does not reach the end. These are genuine remnants of the ancient forest where the feudal lords of Holland, Counts of the Carolingian Empire, set up their hunting-lodge and surrounded their park with a "Hago" (in French, a "Haye"), that gives its name to the city.

Of the town, bright, clean, lively yet leisurely, with no sordid or ragged tokens of trading wear and tear, and never cramped by enclosing ramparts, walls, or moats, one remarks how different it is from such towns as Rotterdam and Amsterdam, with their docks and canals intersecting every street; or from Dort, in its pathetic and picturesque antiquity; or Utrecht, with its romantic aspect of the seat of a once potent ruling Bishopric, second only to that of Cologne. At the Hague, what looks metropolitan or royal is confined to a small space around the "Vijver,"

the palace well worth visiting are the Dining-Room, Chinese Hall, Japanese Room, and the Queen's Boudoir. The Dining-Room is famous throughout the art world, for here are some beautiful grisailles on linen by de Witt, these having gained for that painter world-wide celebrity. The stucco-relief ceiling of Louis XIV. period, the collection of valuable china, and the Venetian chandelier, will all be found worthy of note.

In the Chinese Hall the walls are hung with a tapestry of Chinese rice-paper, the furniture being upholstered in like character; but the material in this instance is white satin embroidered with silk flowers. Much of the furniture in the room is inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

The Japanese Room is hung with tapestry of Japanese hand-embossed work, silk on silk, a present to Prince William V. from a Mikado. An antique Japanese christening font occupies the centre of the room, and there is a variety of furniture characteristic of the country from which the room takes its name.

The Queen's Boudoir is tiny but interesting. It is also hung with Japanese hand-needlework of ancient date, and its furniture is similarly upholstered. A Venetian chandelier depends from the ceiling, and there is a lavish display of mother-of-pearl furniture. In the rear of the palace are some very picturesque gardens, with a pretty ornamental lake in the centre.





THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT: THE 15TH HUSSARS, HEADING THE CAVALRY BRIGADE, PASSING THE SALUTING-POINT.

*From a Photograph by Knight, Aldershot.*



THE DINING-HALL, WITH DECORATIONS BY JACOB DE WITTE.



THE JAPANESE ROOM.



THE CHINESE HALL.



THE QUEEN'S BOUDOIR

VIEWS IN THE "HUIS TEN BOSCH," OR "HOUSE IN THE WOOD," WHERE THE PEACE CONFERENCE IS ASSEMBLED.

*From Photographs by Mary Spencer Warren.*





Copyright, Photographische Gesellschaft.

"LIKE THIS, GRANDMAMA?"



## THE LATE ROSA BONHEUR



"THE HORSE FAIR," NOW IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

Marie Rosalie Bonheur, to give her full name—"the most accomplished female painter who ever lived," as Mr. P. G. Hamerton declares—came of a family of artists. Her father, her three brothers, and her sister (Madame Peyrol) all obtained recognition from the public, but scarcely reached even a lesser pinnacle of fame. Raymond Bonheur gave lessons, painted pictures, and supplied illustrations for books; but it would, perhaps, be difficult to find now any trace of his work. Like many an artist, he made an imprudent marriage with one of his pupils, who, happily, was an excellent musician. Their lessons together enabled them to live, but on the birth of her fourth child Madame Bonheur died. The widower with his family then removed to Paris, and Rosalie was sent to school first at a Convent at Chaillot and afterwards to a boarding-school where her father gave drawing lessons. Here her conduct was the reverse of exemplary, for she would make caricatures of her teachers and schoolfellows. At length she was emancipated from a discipline she could ill brook, and almost at once began copying at the Louvre. The progress she made was such that Léon Coquet, the best teacher and dullest painter of his day, was induced to take her as a pupil, and by his advice she devoted herself to animal painting. The farmyard at first supplied all her requirements, and she was barely twenty years old when two small pictures, "Goats and Sheep" and "The Two Rabbits," were honoured by places in the Salon. Meanwhile, her father had become imbued with the teachings of the French Romanticists in landscape art, and their great literary apostle, Georges Sand, often inspired them with subjects. It is related that the opening passage of "La Mare au Diable," one of the most fascinating of Madame Sand's early works, gave the theme of the first picture by which Rosa



ROSA BONHEUR IN HER STUDIO.

Bonheur was to attract notice: "The ploughman, young and robust, the ground rich, eight vigorous oxen, and a bright autumn sunlight" were the elements of her picture "Le Labourage Nivernais," which was exhibited at the Salon in 1848, and at once purchased by the State and placed in the Luxembourg, whence, in consequence of the artist's death, it will now be removed to the Louvre. A short interval elapsed before Rosa Bonheur again exhibited, but during the interval she had been transferring her attention from sheep and oxen to the old Paris horse-market, held at that time on the Boulevard de l'Hôpital. It was at this period that, for the first time, she adopted man's attire, and finding it to possess certain advantages over her own, she persisted in its use during the remainder of her life. The result of her daily visit to the horse-market was her celebrated "Horse Fair," exhibited in 1853, and justly regarded as her masterpiece. Quite early in her career she projected and helped to found the Free School of Design for Girls, of which her sister (Madame Peyrol) was the directress, and she often followed with interest and a helping hand the pupils there trained. She purchased the historic Château de By, near Fontainebleau, which she altered to suit her requirements, adapting the surrounding ground to enclosures for her numerous collection of animals, which served as models. At the time of the Franco-German War the German Crown Prince gave special orders that Mlle. Bonheur's privacy should not be invaded, but this chivalrous act of the soldier failed to melt the stern patriotism of the artist, and she would make no acknowledgment of the courteous treatment. Here it was that she died on May 25, after a short illness, having attained the age of seventy-six years, of which nearly sixty had been devoted to the pursuit of her art.



"PLOUGHING IN NIVERNIS," NOW IN THE LUXEMBOURG.





DERBY DAY: CLEARING THE COURSE.



# RUSSIA'S ADVANCE TOWARDS INDIA.

CONVERSATIONS WITH SKOBELEFF.

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## EGYPT, CAIRO.

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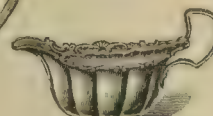
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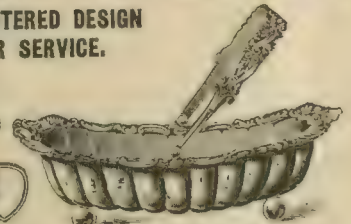
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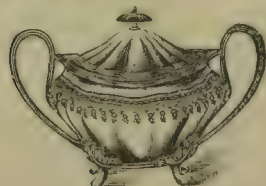


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## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson. A Memoir.* By his son. (Macmillan.)  
*Ballads and Miscellanies.* By W. M. Thackeray. Smith, Elder.  
*Flora of Kent.* By Frederick J. Hanbury, F.L.S., and Edward Shearburn Marshall, M.A., F.L.S. (F. J. Hanbury, 37, Lombard Street.)  
*The Christ.* By O. C. Auringer and E. J. Smith. Putnam.  
*The Ascent Through Christ.* By E. Griffith-Jones, B.A. (James Bowden.)  
*English Topography.* Part XI. Staffordshire—Suffolk. (Elliot Stock.)

The Life of Tennyson by his son has been issued in one volume. As the authorised Life, it will have permanent value; with all its many limitations it is the best we are likely to get for years to come; and libraries will largely avail themselves of this convenient and cheap edition. Five facsimiles of MSS. are given, but only one portrait, Mayall's well-known photograph.

With the "Ballads and Miscellanies" the excellent new edition of Thackeray is brought to a close. It will not be the least popular volume of the whole thirteen. It is a collection of scraps—songs and satires, nonsense rhymes, love ditties, rollicking jests, the ballads of Policeman X, critical reviews of books and pictures, essays, letters, sketches—a pot-pourri of his second-best, no doubt; but what verve, what good-humoured fun enlivening the whole! Then there are the drawings, capitally reproduced, and Mrs. Ritchie's delightful notes. Of the making of these odd rhymes and tags of prose, fewer personal details can be given, but her store was not quite exhausted. The scene at the artists' dinner in Rome, where "Little Billoo" was extemporised, in response to a call for a song, is described; and Thackeray's emotional nature is proved once more in an extract from a letter written on a lecturing tour in Scotland. He had visited an industrial school in Aberdeen, where one of the children read aloud from his ballad of St. Sulpice—not a very wicked piece of verse. "But," he wrote, "the tone of levity in the ballad pained me coming from guileless lips, and I turned away ashamed and said to myself, 'Pray God I may be able some day to write something good for children.'" A corrected reprint of Mr. Leslie Stephen's Life of Thackeray in the "Dictionary of National Biography" appears as an addition, and the volume is brought to a close by a bibliography and index to the present edition compiled by Mr. W. J. Williams.

Mr. Frederick J. Hanbury began the "Flora of Kent" so far back as 1872, and in the intervening years the greater part of his leisure has been devoted, directly or indirectly, to the exacting if fascinating labours incidental to such a work. Mr. Shearburn Marshall (the Vicar of Milford, Surrey) has been his faithful colleague, and a deserved tribute is paid in the preface to his critical field-work and his untiring services generally. Mr. Hanbury was also fortunate in the troops of friends who entered zealously into what in the early 'seventies was a new undertaking. But, even with all these, his own tasks have been exhaustive and far-reaching—how much so indeed only the specialist can even approximately realise. Such work is in a large degree its own reward; but, happily, too, it is work whose results come to stay. Kent has been a happy hunting-ground of botanists, great or humble, since William Turner, the father of English botany, published his "Names of Herbs" in 1548, and tribute is paid to all their achievements in this volume, which systematises the old results and the new. In fact, Mr. Daydon Jackson's "Historical Summary" is not the least interesting feature of the book. Even those who are not experienced botanists may understand that the flora of Kent is both rich and diversified; the county possesses most of the conditions that are requisite to enable most classes of British plants to find a fitting home within its borders. Without entering into purely technical details, it may be said that, apart from cryptogamic flora, for a work on which the way is left clear, the book is exact and comprehensive, and fills admirably what has been a distinct and, indeed, surprising gap in botanical literature.

Two American verse-writers, Mr. Auringer and Mr. J. O. Smith, have collaborated in a poetical study of the Life of Christ from Advent to Ascension. They sing of the shepherds' voices, of the Temptation, of His friends in Simon's house, of the descent of the dove, and other sacred themes, in sweet and reverent tones. The book does not tempt criticism. It will be acceptable to the devout souls whom it addresses.

Mr. Griffith-Jones, in his book entitled "The Ascent Through Christ," has studied the doctrine of the Redemption in the light of the theory of evolution. Some years ago, finding himself unsettled in some parts of his religious belief, he determined to "remodel the contents of his faith in accordance with such of its principles as seemed safely established." He found few books to help him. Most of those he consulted stopped short at the difficult and interesting parts, at the problem of sin, for instance. His own investigation, the results of which he has noted down for the help of others in similar straits, ended in his emerging close to the point from which he had started, but, he thinks, on higher ground and with an ampler, clearer outlook. An examination of the book proves it to be thoughtful, and suggestive for readers at the outset of such an inquiry. More advanced seekers may think they have heard it all before, but to them it is not addressed.

Under the name of "English Topography" a series of volumes has been published in recent years containing all the information on the English counties that appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1731 to 1868. The information is of every kind of value, but local historians and folklorists will find pickings worth their search. That only two counties are dealt with in the present volume proves the amount of material supplied by correspondents on Staffordshire and Suffolk. The antiquaries of to-day are more fastidiously exact than they were fifty years ago, and the editor, Mr. Gomme, rightly warns readers against accepting all the notes as correct in every detail. They are most useful as a basis to work from, and, as he says, they are very good reading.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F. W. H. (London, E.C.).—We have not been able to give your suggestion very careful analysis, but the following seems to us a sufficient continuation: 24. P to Q 4th, R takes P (ch); 25. K to B sq, Q to R 4th (ch); 26. P to B 2nd, R to Q 5th (ch); 27. K takes R, R takes R; 28. Q to K sq, Q to B 3rd, and wins.

F. THOMPSON (Derby).—We are very pleased to receive your amended diagram. Thanks also for the touching enclosure.

E. S. CAMPBELL (Hereford).—We will give your problem another examination, and shall be glad to find we were mistaken about the dual.

SOMEONE. Your unflinching skill in the detection of "cooks" is right, as usual.

CHESS EDITOR. We are pleased to know that our remarks meet with such general approval.

MISS D. GREGSON.—Problem received with thanks.

CHEVALIER DESSENDER.—Next week, we hope.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2867 received from J. Edmonds (Valparaiso) and Fred Long (Santiago, Chile); of Nos. 2868 and 2869 received from C. A. M. (Kiang); of No. 2868 from S. Subramania Iyer (Egmore, Madras); of No. 2871 from Emile Frau (Lyons), T. G. (Ware), and J. Bailey (Newark); of No. 2872 from Charles Burnett, Emile Frau (Lyons), J. Bailey (Newark), Rev. C. E. Sower (St. Austell), T. G. (Ware), A. J. B. Baxter (Bournemouth), A. Tarrazi (Paris), T. Keates (Burslem), and Jacob Verrall (Ridmell); of No. 2873 from H. S. Brandreth (Lisbon), R. Worters (Canterbury), Dr. F. St. Emile Frau (Lyons), T. G. (Ware), E. G. Boys (Eastbourne), J. D. Tucker (Hilkey), T. C. D. (Dublin), Dr. Walz (Heidelberg), W. Jennings (Tynmouth), C. E. H. (Clifton), W. M. Kelly, M.D. (Worthing), Jacob Verrall (Ridmell), G. T. Hughes (Dublin), Charles Etherington (Calais), Sorrento, Henni, P. R. Pickering, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), A. Tarrazi (Paris), H. Le Jeune, W. McMillan, and P. E. Mackintosh (Ayr).

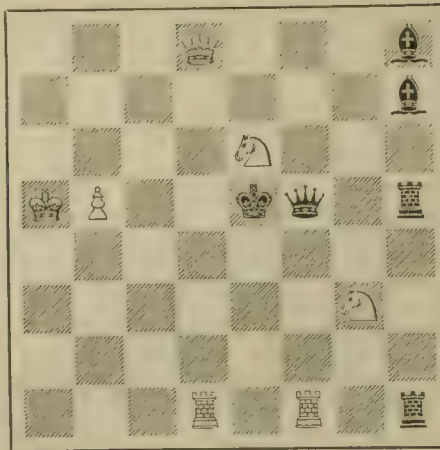
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2874 received from J. K. Maerkean (Repton), Charles Burnett, Dr. Walz (Heidelberg), Charles Etherington (Calais), F. J. S. (Hampstead), W. M. Kelly, M.D. (Worthing), C. E. H. (Clifton), T. C. D. (Dublin), E. G. Boys (Eastbourne), J. D. Tucker (Hilkey), Richard Murphy (Westford), S. R. Andrews (Choltenham), P. Dalby, T. Roberts, Albert Wolff (Putney), Thomas Purnell (Manchester), T. G. (Ware), Sorrento, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), G. Hawkins (Cambridge), L. Desanges, E. M. Fyson (Higham), Rev. A. Mays (Redford), A. Tarrazi (Paris), J. H. Warburton Lee (Whitechurch), Dr. F. St. S. Davis (Leicester), C. M. A. B. Henry Madson (Portobello), W. H. Bohn (Worthing), W. R. B. (Clifton), E. T. Hill (Crouch End), C. E. Perugini, F. Hooper (Putney), (Glasgow), Henry A. Demovan (Lisoway), Simon Dale (Dover), J. R. Dow, Edith Corser (Reigate), W. A. Barnard (Uppham), Miss D. Gregson, R. Worters (Canterbury), and Frank Merton (Leicester).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2873.—By RUDOLF L'HERMITTE.

WHITE. BLACK.  
 1. K to B sq. Any move  
 2. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2876.—By A. W. DANIEL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN KENT.

(Game played in the Kent County Congress between Messrs. E. LAEKKE and H. R. P. L'HERMITTE.)

(Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. L.).	BLACK (Mr. P.).	WHITE (Mr. L.).	BLACK (Mr. P.).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Q takes P	K to Kt sq
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	20. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	P to Kt 3rd
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	21. R to Q sq	Q takes P
4. B takes P	Q to R 5th (ch)	A sound offer of the Queen, and the	
5. K to B sq	P to Kt 4th	22. P takes Q	R takes R (ch)
6. Kt to Q B 3rd		23. K to K 2nd	K R to Q sq
Two excellent moves in this variation of the Gambit are Black's third and White's sixth moves. The former gives Black's game, and the latter is a strong defensive move.			
7. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 2nd	24. P takes P	P takes K (ch)
8. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	25. K takes P	R takes R
9. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th	26. P to Q R 4th	P to Q R 4th
The object was to get a lively game for spectators, and both sides succeeded. White has tried this move on two or three occasions, but it does not appear that the experiment is to be commended.			
10. B takes Kt (ch)	Q Kt to B 3rd	27. K takes P	P to Q Kt 8th
11. B to R 3rd	P takes P	28. P to Q Kt 4th	
12. Kt to K sq	P to Kt 3rd (ch)	29. Q to K 8th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
13. Kt to Q 3rd	B takes P	30. P takes P	B takes P
14. Kt to K 2nd	B takes Kt	31. Q to K 5th	R to K 3rd
15. P takes B	B to K 6th	32. Q to K 5th	R to B 5th (ch)
The Bishop is needed for defence, and the temptation of a timing the exchange is resisted with good effect.			
16. Q to B 2nd	Q to R 5th	33. K to Kt 5th	P to R 3rd (ch)
17. Kt to Kt sq	Castles (Q R)	34. K to R 4th	R takes P
18. B takes Kt	Q takes B	35. Q to Kt 4th	R (B) to K 8th
		36. Q to Kt 2nd (ch)	B to Kt 3rd
		37. K to R 3rd	R (K) to Kt 7th
		38. Q to B sq	P to Kt 4th (ch)
		39. P to K 4th	R to K 4th (ch)
		40. K to R 4th	R (K) takes P
			White resigns.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Messrs. W. M. BACOCK and E. P. SHARP.

(Algebraic Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.).	BLACK (Mr. S.).	WHITE (Mr. B.).	BLACK (Mr. S.).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. Castles Q R	
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	16. Q takes R	Kt to K 5th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Kt 4th	17. R to Kt 4th (ch)	K to K 3rd
4. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th	18. R to Kt 4th (ch)	K to K 3rd
5. Kt to Kt 4th	P to Kt 3rd	19. R to Kt 4th (ch)	K to K 3rd
6. Kt takes B P	K takes Kt	20. Q to R 8th (ch)	Remains
7. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	If K to R 2nd, 21. Q to R 7th (ch), K to R 2nd, 22. Q to R 7th (ch), 23. R to R 8th seems to be good enough for Black at this point.	
8. B takes P	B to K 3rd	21. Q to R 7th (ch)	R takes B
Up to this point the game was very lively, and the removal of the Bishop allows of White's attack at B 4th, which in certain positions is fatal. Q to R 8th seems to be good enough for Black at this point.			
9. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	22. Q to R 7th (ch)	R takes B
10. B to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	23. R to R 8th	R takes B
11. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to R 3rd	24. Q to R 7th (ch)	R takes B
12. P takes P	P takes P	25. R to R 8th	R takes B
13. B takes P	B takes Kt P	26. R to R 8th	R takes B
The game becomes now very complicated, and it is not to be wondered at that Black could find the best continuation. It is, however, a mistake to continue.			

Lately I received a communication from a reader of this column with reference to my remarks in a recent article on "cancer houses"—that is to say, dwellings distinguished by the occurrence therein of successive cases of the disease. My correspondent inquires if there is evidence at hand to support the idea that consumption may infect houses, and that successive individuals or families inhabiting such houses may become affected directly from the germs the dwellings may contain. Unfortunately, we are able to answer this question in the affirmative, and I think I can afford the querist some little information on this highly important hygienic topic. As I pointed out, the case of tuberculosis is widely different from that of cancer. The germ of the former we know; the cause of the latter is still unknown. We are fighting an enemy in the light in the case of consumption; it is a battle in the dark in that of cancer. Among the details which have been placed before us by the indefatigable industry of workers everywhere, the item of "cancer houses" has been duly considered.

In the first place, instances are recorded in which a house, hitherto healthy, has become infected through the indwelling of a member of the family suffering from consumption. Dr. A. Ransome has collected much evidence on this head. There was one case of the kind above noted in which a healthy family receiving a member suffering from the disease, exhibited successive deaths from consumption in from two to six years after infection, apparently by the single individual. Of course, in such a case it is open for us to urge that infection may have been direct from the patient rather than of indirect character from the house, and there is always the element of family history to be reckoned with. But we have other cases of far stronger character, which prove very aptly how the house may become of itself a focus of infection. Cornet gives the cases of Roman Catholic religious houses, in a history extending over twenty-five years, including the accounts of some thirty-eight convents, numbering some four thousand inmates. The lives of the inmates might be termed "selected," in the sense that they are medically certified as being in good health when admitted to the institutions. Now in Cornet's records we find that among this population, wherein family relationship can exercise no influence whatever, the death-rate ran up rapidly after their first year of residence, and remained high for several years thereafter. Very startling, moreover, is it to find that while the mortality from tuberculosis in the outside public represented about one-fifth or one-seventh of deaths from all causes, those from tubercle in the institutions referred to amounted to nearly two-thirds of the total mortality, or 62.8 per cent. Again, I find an American case where, after consumption first appeared in a convent, nine of the inmates, healthy women, developed the disease within four months, four dying within the year.

These cases point to some infection or other of the surroundings of the patients, and equally convincing is the story of a flat in which no case of consumption had occurred for at least eight years. It then became inhabited by a consumptive patient. Now, in the course of twelve succeeding years, as many cases of the disease were developed in the flat. It is noted that in this instance the flat was never cleaned or painted, and each fresh tenant at once entered on the occupancy of the infected premises. I do not think we are at any loss to account for such infection arising from the house; for the bacilli of tubercle given off in the matter derived from affected lungs, if not destroyed, becomes dried, and its contained germs are pass into the air as invisible dust, lingering in the crevices and corners, and remaining on walls and cornices, ready to infect those who are susceptible, and who breathe them into their lungs. This is the story of "consumption houses," and the moral it carries with it, that not only should excessive care be adopted in the disinfection of all matter coming from affected lungs, but also that equal care should be expended on the disinfection of the rooms in which patients dwell. For long years in Italy consumption has been regarded as an infectious ailment, and disinfection is, I believe, rigidly carried out as a matter of common practice in the houses of patients, and on the bedding and other articles which consumptives have used.

An Australian correspondent has forwarded me an interesting account of the trial of an alleged remedy for snake-bite. It seems that two men avowed their possession of such a remedy, and a trial was made of the antidote, said, by the way, to have acted successfully in the case of one of the men in question. Certain medical men were present at the trial, but wisely objecting to the proposal that a venomous snake should be allowed to bite one of the experimenters, they insisted on two kittens being made the subjects of the trial. The kittens were accordingly bitten. One died soon thereafter untreated, by way of proving the lethal nature of the poison. The other was treated by having the so-called antidote rubbed into the bitten part. The doctors remarked that to be effective the remedy should be injected into the blood. The result was as might have been foreseen. The second and treated kitten died in its turn, and now that antidote has gone the way of many another much-vaunted remedy. But I should hope that the experimenter who desired to have the antidote tried on his person is highly grateful to the doctors.

Now and then I have taken the opportunity to note in this column the titles of new books dealing with scientific matters in which many of my readers may take an interest. In pursuance of this plan, I may mention Sir John Lubbock's latest contribution to the "International Science Series," in the shape of a well-illustrated volume on "Buds and Stipules." This book is a charming introduction to a very interesting study in botany, and specially deals with the nature of those curious little appendages we see at the base of many leaf-stalks, such as those of the rose, pea, and vine. And by those who desire some information regarding the crimes of the common sparrow, Mr. Tietze's volume on "The House Sparrow" will be found attractive.



## BRITISH ENTERPRISE IN THE WEST INDIES.

Now that the question of admitting Continental bounty-fed beet-sugar into this country on equal terms with British-grown cane-sugar is occupying the attention of Parliament and the general public, and at a time when the chief industry of the British West Indies, England's oldest colony, is threatened with extinction, it may be of interest to notice briefly another West Indian industry which has comparatively recently been developed to a remarkable extent. We refer to the production of the lime fruit by the originators of these most delicious and wholesome of beverages, lime juice and lime-juice cordial, Messrs. L. Rose and Company, Limited, of London and Leith.

It is a remarkable fact that of the hundred and one non-alcoholic drinks, many of them ingeniously named, which have attempted to find permanent favour from a discerning public during the past quarter-century, lime juice is almost the only one which has stood the test of time and steadily gained the universal approval which it now enjoys.

The reason for this is quite evident in the fact that while the majority of other non-alcoholic beverages hitherto produced have been concocted from chemicals, and artificially flavoured, Rose's Lime Juice is the product purely of the natural juice of the lime fruit, the extremely wholesome properties of which have been recognised for hundreds of years, as the following extract from the account given by Sir James Lancaster of his voyage to the Indies in the year 1600 will show. He says: "Thus following on our course, the first day of August we came into the height of thirtie degrees south of the line, at which time we met the south-west wind, to the great comfort of all our people. For, by this time, very many of our men were fallen sicke in all our shippes, and, unless it were in the Generall's shippe only, the other three were so weak of men that they could hardly handle the sailes. . . . And the reason why the Generall's men stood better in health than the men of the other shippes was this, he brought to sea with him certain bottels of the juice of Limes, which he gave to each as long as it would last. . . . By this means the Generall cured many of his men, and preserved the rest, so that in his shippe (having the double of men that was in the rest of the shippes) he

had not so many sicke, nor lost so many men as they did, which was the mercy of God to us all."

This three-hundred-year-old certificate of the health-giving properties of lime juice is confirmed at the present

world," that Rose's Lime Fruit plantations are situated. Here the lime trees are cultivated with the greatest care, the result being that only the very best limes are produced. The luxuriant growth of their lime trees is

mainly due to the rich volcanic nature of the soil, which produces more fruit per acre, and of a better quality, than any other in the world. At the head of the Roseau Valley, and within easy distance of Rose's plantations, there is a crater lake of the purest ice-cold water, whilst not far off there can be seen one of the most wonderful sights on earth. The Boiling Lake of Dominica is held in the mouth of a huge volcano, 3000 ft. high, and so violent is its ebullition that any ordinary thermometer is burst on immersion, and one can as easily boil an egg at the edge of the lake as in the homely saucepan over the kitchen fire!

Rose's lime-fruit plantations during the crop time present one of those rare sights only to be met with in the tropics. The beautiful dark green foliage is relieved by the thick clusters of the lovely pale yellow fruit, whilst rainbow-tinted humming-birds flit hither and thither among the opening blossoms, which diffuse around the most exquisite fragrance. The fine ripe limes are gathered in the early morning by the native girls, and brought to the central factory in bullock-carts. Here they are quickly deprived of their juice, which is immediately

run into large casks, and is ready for its four thousand miles' voyage to Rose's Lime Juice refineries in London and Leith, where it is clarified and bottled in their well-known bottles embossed with the lime fruit as trade-mark.

In these days of wholesale food and drink adulteration and fraudulent substitution it is, of course, of the utmost importance to see that you are supplied only with Rose's original and genuine brand when you order "Lime Juice," and not one of its many spurious imitations, which, for the sake of extra profits, are made either from cheap lemon-juice or chemicals, and which are as inferior to Rose's Lime Juice as gooseberry wine is to genuine champagne.

Messrs. Rose and Co. are proprietors of the finest lime-fruit plantations in the world, and the public can thus rely on the absolute purity and genuineness of Rose's Lime Juice.



GATHERING THE LIMES.

day by the fact that Rose's Lime Juice is supplied to her Majesty's Government for use in the Army and Navy, whilst the United States army in Cuba and the Philippines have found it at once an effective safeguard against malaria and a delicious, refreshing beverage. Even in the bitter Arctic regions its daily use is absolutely necessary to maintain health and strength.

The *British Medical Journal* says: "It is now an accepted axiom that the North Pole cannot be reached without lime juice." Dr. Nansen's famous expedition carried five years' supply of Rose's Lime Juice, and so wholesome and invigorating was it found by the explorers, that they unanimously called it "Fram Wine."

Now, as to the source of Rose's Lime Juice. It is in the lovely Roseau Valley in the island of Dominica, British West Indies, which, as stated in the report of the recent Royal Commission, produces "the best limes in the



CARTING LIMES TO THE PRESS.



## LADIES' PAGES.

## DRESS.

Why should there not be a few more Drawing-Rooms every season, I wonder? The desire to be presented extends more widely each year. This season there have been over a thousand applications for presentation, of which many have had to be refused on the ground of the lists being filled. True, it might be considered likely to make a presentation too commonplace if more opportunities were given, but on the other hand, the dozens of the girls and young married women who have been disappointed—and what a disappointment to a girl who is to come out in this way!—had just as good a right to go to Court as the more lucky ones who got their names on the Lord Chamberlain's list.

Nothing really depends on it. It carries no right to invitations to other royal festivities; and though one cannot be introduced by an Ambassador at a foreign Court unless one has been first received at one's own, the converse is not true—the Ambassador is by no means obliged to introduce to a foreign monarch any and every applicant who has been to an English Drawing-Room. So why should there not be enough Courts held to allow of all the rich upper middle-class women who wish to attend? It would do great good to the London season, and help many worthy people to an increase of happiness.

A Drawing-Room is the apotheosis of splendid dress. On no other occasion have we an opportunity of becoming such fine creatures. The dresses at the last Court were very beautiful. They showed how large a part is played at the moment by superb embroideries. Words cannot convey an impression of their beauty—nor, for the matter of that, could black-and-white drawings, since it is the exquisite colouring that gives them their artistic merit.

The Duchess of Portland's delicious Court dress is a case in point; it was of ivory satin veiled entirely with tulle, on which diamond and silver embroideries were traced delicately; at the foot the same embroidered tulle formed deep and full bouffes. The drapings of the tulle embroidery over the bodice were finished at the bust by a berthe of lace and a few Gloire de Dijon roses. The train was transparent, consisting entirely of old point lace laid over ivory chiffon, and trimmed with clusters of roses. The effect was like that of a rose-garden in moonlight, the dewdrops trembling under the silvery light; words can convey no idea of its loveliness. Everybody was glad to see Lady Salisbury looking well again, and her embroideries of jet on a mauve ground applied to a black satin dress were very handsome.

Lady Howard of Glossop's dress was of mauve satin entirely covered as regarded the front with embroidery in silver thread and sequins. The train was of mauve velvet of the



AN ATTRACTIVE PIQUÉ DUST-CLOAK FOR THE RACES.

exact shade of an orchid petal, lined with mousseline-de-soie in a paler shade of mauve, and frilled deeply with the same fragile material as lined it—a curious softness being given to the whole effect by the silk muslin inside the beautifully draping velvet; the lining was fully visible at the corners, where the train was deeply turned back with clusters of orchids on the chiffon. Silver figured largely in all the embroideries. Viscountess Hardinge had a peculiarly beautiful white satin gown embroidered with silver sequins, a deep draping of old Brussels point relieving the effect; train of the tenderest shade of blue in moiré, lined with white satin, and La France roses harmonising the whole. Lady M. Jenkins had white tulle embroidered in silver, and triumphed with the delicate brown fur of the miniver. Lady G. Buchanan had silver embroideries done on white velvet with exquisite results.

Nobody knows why one flower should be more popular than the rest of the floral family for decoration each year, but it is always so. This season the large and yet dainty blossoms of the hydrangea are the rage. The actual flower, in its shades ranging from almost white to deep mauve on one side and pink on another, is used on skirt and shoulder, and the shape of the blossom is introduced both into embroideries and designs of brocades.

The Duchess of Devonshire wore a train of shaded satin with a design of hydrangeas upon it, one side trimmed with the flowers mixed with light blue chiffon, the dress being of pale blue satin trimmed with lace embroidered exquisitely with brilliants; the bodice was of brocade mixed with tulle, and a cluster of hydrangeas having diamonds in their hearts like a shower of dewdrops finished it off at one side.

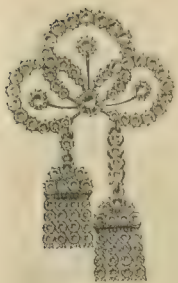
Somehow the Derby, though as a fact great numbers of smart people attend it, is not a meeting for which much dress preparation seems to be made. It is otherwise with "Royal Ascot," for many lovely dresses are ordered specially for that occasion. Those who do not stop down in the neighbourhood, however, find dust-cloaks as important garments as frocks. They will be interested in our sketches this week, which show that even the apparently banal charms of the dust-cloak are susceptible of variety. One of these attractive garments is in white piqué, the other in linen. Piqué is a really successful material for the purpose, the dust shakes off it well. In the sketch it is seen trimmed with an appliqué design of tussore or string-colour linen outlined with white and gold cord laid on inside a band of linen.

The grey linen coat is trimmed with guipure lace laid on between stitched bands of the linen; this is cut double-breasted and fastened with large buttons. Another piqué coat have I seen that is trimmed with appliques of fawn cloth embroidered on with gold cord. A more ordinary Ascot coat is in black faille, with motifs of black lace over white satin of the same shapes embroidered on with white silk all over it, a white chiffon ruffle closing it at the throat.

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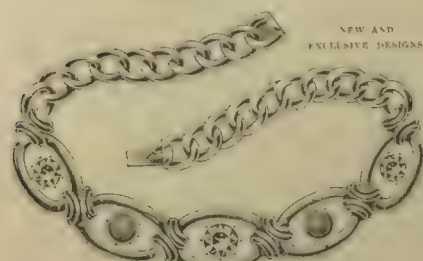
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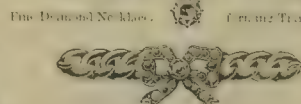
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## FINAL NOTICE.

## Closing July the First.

The Proprietors of MELLIN'S FOOD are offering the very substantial prizes enumerated below to the persons obtaining by July 1st, 1899, the greatest number of names and addresses of parents whose children are being fed or have been reared on MELLIN'S FOOD. The lists must be clearly written out on foolscap paper, on one side only and 12 names to a page, and must be duly signed by the Vicar of your Parish, or other Minister, or a Justice of the Peace.

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and 25 other Prizes of £1 each.

*Lists to be sent not later than July 1st, 1899, to*

“AWARD” DEPT., MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.



The fashionable magpie combination is further illustrated in a black satin cloak, with a wide Empire band of white satin covered with black lace and piped along each edge with blue satin, the lining of white showing on the revers under the full bow of black-embroidered white tulle. So much for race-cloaks—more as to the dresses another time.

"Her ornaments were diamonds," is the end of the description supplied by the wearer of the Court costume of an unassuming little Scotchwoman, a suburban doctor's wife, who, for some incomprehensible reason, goes to Court. It would never do to institute an inquiry as to how many of the splendid ornaments that pass before the Queen or her representative Princess are the product of the Parisian Diamond Company's ateliers. Certain it is that for such occasions as this, jewels of fitting beauty can be obtained in abundance at the Parisian Diamond Company's three establishments; and if they were not bought and worn by the rich and fashionable women on the occasions at which such grand ornaments are in place, it would not be worth while for the Company to employ the skilled workmen and use the fine gold that are jointly required for setting their admirable stones as they are set. Tiaras and parures of diamonds, ropes of pearls, sprays of flowers for corsage trimmings in diamonds, stars and suns and Louis Quinze designs as brooches, reproductions of antique models and the finest modern designs, are not prepared without the knowledge that they will be demanded by the public. Well, a thing of beauty is as much so whether dug from the earth or made in a workshop by the aid of art.

It was appropriate that the lady champion who won at the golf tournament of Ireland at Newcastle, County Down, the other day, should have played in an Irish homespun. Miss Hazel had her costume from Messrs. Hamilton, of the White House, Portrush, who are known as the great agents for real Irish homespuns, which they purchase direct from the weavers to supply to the wearer.

#### NOTES.

It is a fact that women in England can now celebrate weddings!—under certain conditions, of course. The Nonconformists' Marriages Act, which came into operation on April 1, makes a marriage legal if celebrated by "any person duly authorised for the purpose by the trustees or other governing body" of any place of worship. Hitherto, the real functionary at a wedding has (outside the Church of England) been the registrar of marriages, since no ceremony had the slightest binding force or legality without his presence. But now not only is his attendance dispensed with, but also there is no sort of restriction imposed as to the sort of person whom the trustees of any chapel may appoint to marry under their authority; it need not be a minister—or a man! The one condition with which the trustees must comply is that of keeping the

A HANDSOME LINEN DRESS-CLARK FOR THE RACES.

registers locked in a fireproof safe, and the appointed celebrant of marriages is bound by law to transmit periodically copies of the register that he keeps to the Government registrar of the district. There is, moreover, no form whatever prescribed, the only essential feature of the ceremony being the declaration of mutual consent. So supposing that the trustees of any place of worship should choose, they might appoint a lady celebrant.

Women in England are regularly appointed ministers among the Quakers, who do not admit that St. Paul's injunction on the subject was for all time, but maintain that the Spirit descends as much now as in apostolic times, and living individuals may be moved to utter it. Other denominations have to "get round" the most positive injunction of St. Paul in other ways if they wish to employ women as preachers. The most usual method is by the line I heard the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher take: he gave the opinion that the order referred to was purely local, and applied to the Greeks to whom it was addressed alone, in view of the fact that among them good women lived quite secluded, while Aspasia and her like gave up character for culture and public speech. Beecher pointed out that the word sometimes translated "prophesying" is the same as "preaching," and that the apostle who seems in Corinthians to forbid women doing this at all, in another passage dictates that they shall cover their heads when they do "prophecy"; and also that he was a frequent friendly guest of a man whose chief distinction is stated to have been that his daughters "did prophecy." However, it is hardly likely that any such arguments will bring women celebrants of marriages into being here at present.

Women have been welcomed in considerable numbers of late years in one official capacity in the Church of England—namely, as churchwardens. The Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry was one of the first, and there is another lady churchwarden of the same rank, the Marchioness of Exeter. One parish, Great Staughton, Hunts, has both its wardens ladies; the Vicar nominated as his warden the Hon. Mrs. Duberley, and the people chose Miss Murfin as theirs at the last vestry. At Thetford, near Ely, Miss Jarroun was re-elected for the sixth time the other day as people's warden, the Vicar adding his testimony to the excellent way in which she has performed her duties, especially in the management of the parish accounts.

Miss Frances Willard's many admirers in this country will be interested to hear that the Legislature of the State of Illinois, where she resided for the greater part of her life, has passed a Bill for the expenditure of \$1800 for a marble statue of her, to be placed in "Statuary Hall" of the National Capitol at Washington. It appears that a certain space is there appropriated for each State to place memorials of two of its most distinguished citizens, and Illinois has settled that Miss Willard is one entitled to commemoration at its hands.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 6, 1887), with nine codicils (dated Nov. 27, 1888, May 6, 1891, Nov. 21 and Dec. 19, 1892, Nov. 22, 1893, March 9, 1894, July 19 and Dec. 3, 1895, and Nov. 19, 1897), of Mr. Samuel William Ridley, of Barossa Lodge, Essex Road, Islington, and Castle House, St. Helens, Isle of Wight, was proved on May 10 by Frederick Beeson, John Ridley, and Samuel Forde Ridley, the executors, the value of the estate being £443,807. The testator gives an annuity of £900 to his daughter-in-law, Nora Jackson Ridley; an annuity of £1200 to his daughter Alice Eliza Brooke, and of £600 to her husband, if he survives her; an annuity of £500 to his daughter Elizabeth Emily Le Marchant; an annuity of £50 to his granddaughter, Margaret Le Marchant; an annuity of £250 to Eliza Dyer; an annuity of £100 to the Rev. Theodore Kibber and his wife, Augusta Mary Kibber, and the survivor of them; £500 and an annuity of £2000 to his wife; and many other gifts. He devises and gives his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold properties at Edmonton, Islington, Tottenham, and in Newgate Street to his grandson, James Forde Ridley. The residue of his property he leaves as to two thirds to Samuel Forde Ridley, Eleanor Nora Sharpe, and Janet Fairhurst Ridley, the children of his deceased son, Samuel Edwin Ridley, and one third to his daughter Alice Eliza Brooke.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1893), with a codicil (dated June 23, 1894), of Sir Stuart Knill, Bart., of The Crosslets, the Grove, Blackheath, and of Fresh Wharf, London

Bridge, who died on Nov. 19, was proved on May 19 by Sir John Knill, Bart., the son, and James Coen, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £100,721. The testator bequeaths £200 to the Confraternity of the Most Holy Sacrament (Greenwich); and £100 each to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Aged Poor Society (Gerard Street, Soho), the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, the Providence Row Night Refuge, the Convent of the Good Shepherd (Finchley), St. Mary's Orphanage (Blackheath), Nazareth House (Hammersmith), the Lady Superiress of the Convent (Norwood), and the Rev. William Barry's Home (Stepney). He gives £5000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Mary Thunder and Mrs. Rose Coen; £1000 and the use, for life, of his house, with the furniture and domestic effects therein, to his wife; £100 each to his executors; £100 each to his daughters; and his leasehold premises in Lawn Terrace, Blackheath, to be held upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his son. Sir Stuart Knill settles Rochester Building, Leadenhall Street, upon his son, with remainder to his son John Stuart Knill. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Aug. 29, 1898) of Mr. Owen Edwards, of Camden Wood, Chislehurst, who died on Dec. 8, was proved on May 18 by Hugh Owen Edwards and John Maltby Edwards, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £78,368. The testator gives his furniture, plate, jewels, carriages and horses, and an annuity of £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Edwards, and subject thereto leaves

all his real and personal estate to his three children, Hugh Owen Edwards, John Maltby Edwards, and Mrs. Emily Wheeler.

The will (dated April 28, 1884), with two codicils (dated Sept. 28, 1886, and March 12, 1888), of Mr. John Townshend Brooke, of The Mere, Little Houghton, Northamptonshire, who died on Jan. 31, was proved on May 3 at the Northampton District Registry by Lady Wilhelmina Brooke, the widow, Charles Cotes, and Colonel William Slaney Kenyon-Slaney, the executors, the value of the estate being £51,897. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his executors, Colonel Kenyon-Slaney and Charles Cotes; £50 to his godson, Roger Brooke Oakden; and the residue of his personal estate to his wife. He settles all his real estate on his eldest son, William John; but part of the income thereof is to be applied for the support of his younger children, while unmarried and under twenty-one.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1897) of Mr. David Caird, of Wulfruna, Greencroft Gardens, West Hampstead, and of Barrow-in-Furness, who died on April 10, was proved on May 17 by John Caird, the son, and Jeanie Simpson Caird, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £31,411. The testator gives £300 and such furniture as she may select, to the value of £200, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Harriet Caird; £250 to Robert Weeks; £50 each to the two daughters of his sister-in-law, Mrs. William Watt; and legacies to persons in his employ. The residue of his property he leaves as to three tenths, upon trust, for

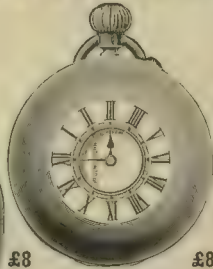
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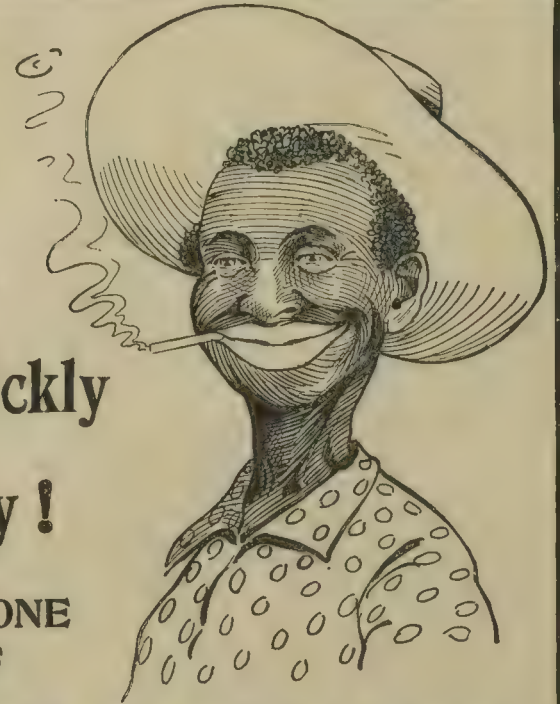
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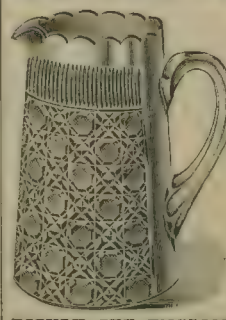
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A normal Liver means a bright eye, clear complexion, good appetite and digestion, strong nerves, energy, and a light heart—in a word, **HEALTH.**

Take care of your health; the ill effects of excess can be avoided by a little forethought.

Remember at bedtime—Carter's Little Liver Pills: dose, One at night, but the first night take three. 1s. 1½d., 40 in a phial. Of all chemists, BUT BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S.



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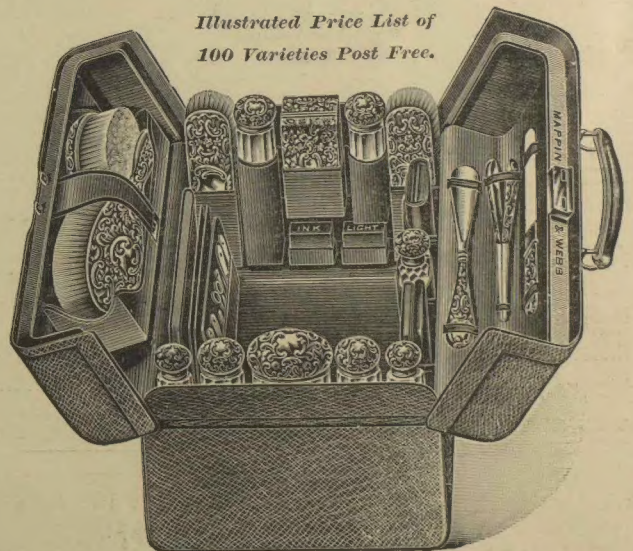
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his wife for life, as to three tenths for his son and four tenths for his daughter. On the death of the wife the three tenths left, upon trust, for her for life, are to be divided between his son and daughter in the same proportions as their original shares.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1896) of Mr. Francis Thirkill White, of Boston, Lincolnshire, who died on March 5, was proved on May 13 by William Henry White, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £38,042. The testator gives £1200 and his London, Chatham, and Dover Railway stock to his son George White; his farms and lands at Whaplode and Fleet, Lincolnshire, £100 and his Great Northern Railway stock to his son the Rev. Francis Thirkill White; and £25 to his nephew, Commander John Thirkill White, R.N. The residue of his property he leaves to his son William Henry White.

The will (dated Oct. 8, 1888), with a codicil (dated April 18, 1898), of the Rev. John Walcot, of Bitterley Court, near Ludlow, who died on March 26, was proved on May 18 by Captain John Cotterell Philipps Walcot, R.N., the son and executor, the value of the estate amounting to £20,455. The testator gives £2000 to his son Frederick Humphrey Molyneux Walcot, and £2000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his son, John C. P. Walcot.

The Bitterley Court Estate, the advowson and right of presentation to the living of Bitterley, and all the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his eldest son, Owen Charles Bamfylde Dashwood Walcot.

The will (dated June 30, 1896) of Mrs. Elizabeth Catherine Allix, of 71, Elm Park Gardens, Fulham, who died on April 21, was proved on May 11 by Miss Elizabeth Barbara Allix, the daughter, and James Frederick Griffith, the executors, the value of the estate being £23,609. The testatrix gives £50 to James Frederick Griffith; £100 to her nurse, Mary Sayer; and subject thereto, leaves all her property to her daughters Elizabeth Barbara Allix and Agnes Marjorie Allix, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 25, 1895), with a codicil (dated June 20, 1895), of Mrs. Mary Anne Packe, of 1, Stanhope Place, Hyde Park, widow, who died on April 1, was proved on May 5 by the Rev. William James Packe, the surviving executor, the value of the estate being £10,397. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; £50 each to the Refuge for Homeless Boys, Shaftesbury Avenue, and the Church of England Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays; £200 to her god-son Reynell Fortescue; and her furniture and household effects between the Rev. William James Packe, Charles

Packe, and George Lawson. The residue of her property she leaves to Louisa Emily Fellowes, Emma Penelope Fox, George Lawson, and the Rev. William James Packe.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1892) of John William, seventeenth Baron Dunsany, of Dunsany Castle, Meath, and Dunstall Priory, Kent, M.P. for South Gloucester 1886-92, who died on Jan. 16, was proved in London on May 24 by the Right Hon. Horace Curzon Plunkett, M.P., the brother, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £8628. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife; £250 to the Rev. Oliver Brighton; £100 to James George Butcher, M.P.; £50 to Hope Cooper; £50 for such charitable purposes in connection with the village of Shoreham, Kent, as Lord James may select; his personal estate in Ireland, the money standing to his credit at his bankers in London, and all his plate, jewels, and household furniture to his eldest son; and legacies to his man and gamekeeper. He directs his real estate in Ireland to be sold and the proceeds thereof held, upon trust, for his second son, the Hon. Reginald Aylmer Ranfurly Plunkett. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will of Mr. Lionel Edward Pyke, Q.C., of 2, Cornwall Gardens, who died at Eastbourne on March 26, was proved on May 20 by Mrs. Mary Rachel Pyke, the widow,

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engage that the Watch, not being my property, shall not be disposed of by sale or otherwise. I further agree that if  
owing to unforeseen circumstances, of which you shall be the judge, the Watch cannot be delivered, the return of the  
deposit of £1 5s. to me shall cancel this order.

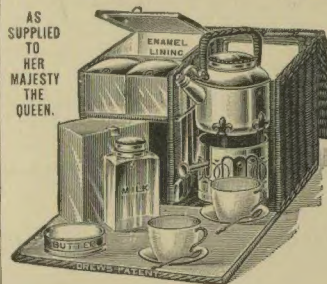
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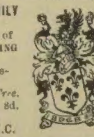
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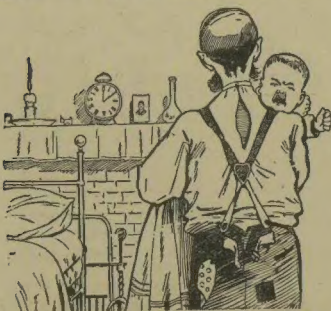
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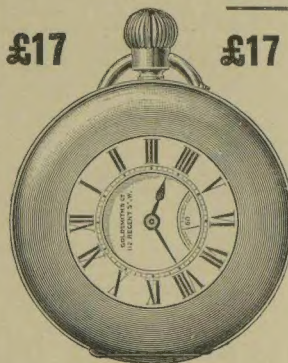
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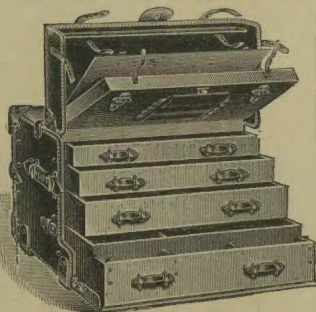


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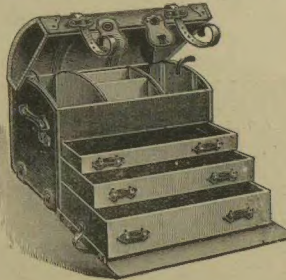
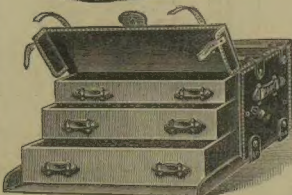
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**NUDA** For over 30 years has never failed to restore Grey or Faded Hair in a few days.  
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Circulars and Analysts' Certificate Post Free.

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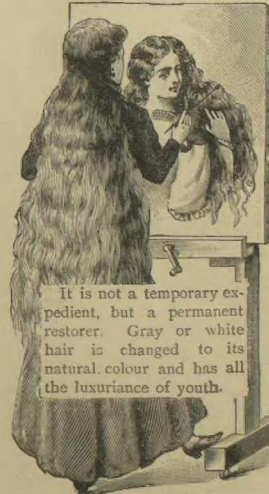
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PASTA MACK is made in perfumed Tablets, Sparkling and Effervescent when placed in the water. Beautifies the complexion, softens the water and yields a delicious perfume to the skin.

To be had of all Chemists and Perfumers, in 2/6 and 1/- boxes, or direct from the Wholesale Depot 32, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E. C.

**Mrs. S. A. Allen's  
World's  
Hair Restorer.**



It is not a temporary expedient, but a permanent restorer. Gray or white hair is changed to its natural colour and has all the luxuriance of youth.



and Edgar Rowe Everington, the executors, the value of the estate being £4189.

The will of the Hon. Emma Laura Shaw-Lefevre, of 3, Bina Gardens, South Kensington, who died on April 2, was proved on May 24 by Mrs. Constance Mary Wallington, the niece and executrix, the value of the estate being £3146.

The will and codicil of Mr. Thomas William Chester Master, of Knole Park and The Abbey, Gloucestershire, M.P. for Cirencester from 1837-44, and chairman of the Cirencester bench of magistrates, who died on Jan. 30, were proved on May 18 by Colonel Thomas William Chester Master, the son, and William Aitchison, the executors, the value of the estate being £705.

"The Romance of a Pro-Consul" is a good title for the life of Sir George Grey, which Mr. James Milne has told for Chatto and Windus. Sir George Grey had an extraordinary career. An Irishman by birth, he went to North-Western

Australia in the year that the Queen ascended the throne, and for fifty years he was the greatest Empire-making power in Australasia. Mr. Milne met him when he returned to England to spend the remaining years of his remarkably busy life, and in this book he tells the story of Sir George's career, which was never properly appreciated in this country. There are elements of peculiar sadness in it all, which Mr. Milne has indicated with great charm. Unappreciated perhaps, and yet, indeed, a Pro-Consul of a great type: that is the story of Sir George Grey, who piped the psalm of Empire while we were as yet all Little Englanders.

Our Illustrations of the new Institute of Mechanical Engineers, published on May 13, were from photographs by Messrs. Bolas and Co., 77, Oxford Street.

It is a pity that Mr. J. Temple Leader has not waited for the votive tablet by which the grateful Florentines will honour his memory. It will be a more permanent tribute

to his fame than his "Rough and Rambling Notes" (Florence: G. Barbera), which might have been interesting, but are very much the reverse. An author in his ninetieth year may claim an immunity from criticism, but this does not exempt from serious responsibility the friends who tempted him. Mr. Temple Leader who sat as a "Reformer" successively for Bridgwater and Westminster is now wholly forgotten; but Mr. Temple Leader the generous and discriminating art patron, who for forty years has made Florence his home, will be remembered as long as the fortress castle of Vincigliata, restored by him to its primitive strength and magnificence, overlooks Rovezzano and the approach to the city. Mr. Leader, in early life, was brought into contact with many notable persons, and in later years enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Gladstone and other Englishmen who were interested in Tuscan literature and life. He thus had materials for an interesting volume of memories, but, unfortunately, they have not been turned to account on this occasion.

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### MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.

Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.

Invigorating in Hot Climates.

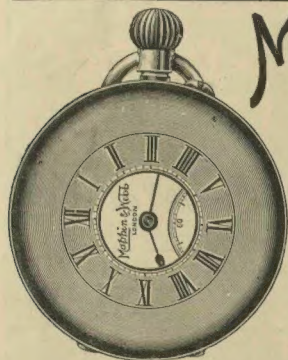
Restores the Colour to Carpets.

Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

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"MANSION HOUSE" WATCHES (Regd.)

Our own make of High-Class ENGLISH LEVERS. 1-plate Movement. Chronometer Balance, fully Compensated for all Climates. Adjusted for Position, and Breguet Spring to resist jarring and friction. Jewelled in 15 Actions and on end stones of Rubies. Warranted Good Timekeepers. Strong 18-carat Gold or Silver Cases. London Hall Marked.

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